

# THE SATIRIST, OR, MONTHLY METEOR.

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MARCH 1, 1812.

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## Mr. WHITBREAD's CONSISTENCY.

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### MR. SATIRIST.

There once existed amongst us an old-fashioned idea that *consistency*, at all times and in all ranks a virtue, was more particularly essential to the character of *public men*; and most of all to that of a *British Senator*, on whom devolves the important duty of watching over the lives, the liberties, and the properties of his countrymen, of framing laws for the regulation and good government of the community, of upholding all that is dear to us as men and as Britons, and of preserving, sound and entire, the venerable fabric of our Constitution both in Church and State.

Such are the grand and leading features which should characterise the conduct of a *Member of Parliament*. In *him* therefore, above all others, we were once accustomed to expect, at least, *consistency of character*: well conceiving that he who did not know *his own* mind was not the best qualified to represent the minds and opinions of a

large portion of his countrymen. But oh! in what an enlightened age do we live! *Consistency* forsooth! One may apply to many of our Members what *Macklin* puts into the mouth of *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant*, in his comedy of "The Man of the World;" And substituting the word *Consistency* for "*Conscience*," exclaim—"Consistency! Consistency! I have been these thirty years in Parliament, and never heard the word mentioned before!" I have inserted *Consistency* instead of *Conscience* in my quotation, as being more applicable to the subject immediately under consideration. But far be it from me to do the gentlemen to whom I allude, so much injustice as to insinuate that the passage, *as it originally stood*, was not equally applicable to them. Indeed their *consistency* and their *conscience* appear to be much upon a *par*. But to return from this little digression, Mr. Satirist,—how deplorable, how hopeless would be the state of this wretched country, how would all her fairest flowers—her most promising buds be blighted, were *consistency* deemed a necessary qualification for a Member of her Senate: yes, Sir, miserable indeed would then be our condition, and short our existence as a nation! You stare, methinks, at this assertion, and ask an explanation—Shortly then, could no one be admitted into the band of English Senators, who had forfeited his *consistency of character*, think, only think—(and shudder at the thought!)—how many of her pure and virtuous Patriots would England lose! those kind *disinterested* souls, who make such fine speeches—send forth such piteous lamentations about the "infringement of our liberties"—tell such long stories about corporals being flogged, and rogues being imprisoned—utter such doleful *prophecies*—('tis not *their* fault that they prove *false* ones, or that the event does not accord with their *wishes*!)—talk so comfortably of impend-

ing ruin and bankruptcy, and tell us so humanely that we are all going headlong to destruction! It would do your heart good to hear them, Mr. Satirist.—But oh, sir, if *consistency* were a *sine quâ non*, what would become of all these *patriotic* souls? A *noble lord* could not then make an elaborate speech on a *Regency* bill at one period, and on a subsequent measure of the same kind, some years afterwards, hold forth in a strain directly contradicting all his former opinions. No! All the delightful versatility of thought and language, which now varie-gates the harangues of so many worthies, would then be shackled by the slavish bonds of *consistency*. A *Patriot* would be like an ass in a mill, always obliged to jog on in the same sluggish round, without daring to strike sublime from the dull beaten path, and, as is *now* the case, dazzle and confound us with an unceasing variety, a boundless versatility of talent and opinion. Mark the instance I am about to produce, which exhibits a noble instance of disdain for the hacknied rules of *consistency*, and then tell me, were a Member of Parliament obliged to be *consistent* in his ideas and language, tell me—how would the country console itself for the irreparable loss it must sustain in that purest and most exalted of *Patriots*, Mr. Samuel Whitbread!

That *honorable* Member, in the debate a few evenings since, in the House of Commons, on the motion for “a committee to inquire into the state of Ireland,” inveighed most loudly against the idea of any danger arising to the State, from the admitting *Catholics* to hold commissions in the army or navy; declared that, if leagued *with us*, the *Catholics* would fight *for us* with as much energy and fidelity as any Protestants would; and denounced the notion, that they were not to be trusted, *because they had*



not complied with the provisions required by the Test Act, as in the highest degree absurd and futile!—But

—————Αμα προστω και οπισσω  
Λευσσει·—————

Have the goodness, I beseech you, Mr. Satirist, to turn to the life of that *true* and exalted Patriot, William Pitt, by Gifford, Vol. 4, Page 81—and you will read as follows.

“The bill was further opposed, as being impolitic and unconstitutional; and Mr. Whitbread, and some others, who joined in the opposition, censured ministers very pointedly, for their apparent astonishment at the objections which had been made to it, just as if it were a matter of course, and perfectly conformable to law, to take into the service of this country *an immense body of Roman Catholics,—men who had taken no Test whatever.*”

—— Nay, do not fly out into any abuse of the *honorable* Member, Mr. Satirist, for though I myself was at first inclined to do so, and felt something *very much like* scorn and indignation at such proof of *time-serving apostacy*, yet, on sober reflection, I have no doubt but all is, as every well-wisher to his country would wish it to be; and that the people of England will henceforth see this pure *Patriot* and all his worthy associates *in their true light*, and join with me in appreciating them and their exertions *accordingly*.

But to be *serious*, Mr. Satirist—Who, that does not really wish the overthrow of all the venerable institutions of our forefathers,—who, that does not in his heart connive at what is called REFORM, but by which is, *in fact*, meant REVOLUTION,—who, but such a man, can view the above, and a thousand others proofs of the interested and time-serving views of these pretended *Patriots*, and



not execrate alike them and their designs?—Let us hope that, in the forcible language of Dr. Johnson, “the nation will recover from its delusion, and unite in a general abhorrence of those who, by deceiving the credulous with fictitious mischiefs, overbearing the weak by audacity of falsehood, by appealing to the judgment of ignorance, and flattering the vanity of meanness, by slandering honesty and insulting dignity, *have gathered round them whatever the kingdom can supply of base, and gross, and profligate; and, raised by merit to this bad eminence, arrogate to themselves the name of Patriots.*”

While these men pursue their unnatural aims, let the virtuous, the wise, and the *truly* patriotic unite hands and hearts in the defence of our glorious Constitution, in the maintenance of our Liberties, our Laws, and our Religion. Jealously tenacious of the just rights of Englishmen, but abhorrent from faction, ready to make wholesome improvements where *necessary*, but deaf to the ravings of revolutionary phrenzy, let them rally round the standard of loyalty; and, highly favoured as they are in the most perfect code of laws, the purest of religions, and the best of kings, (whom heaven restore!) let them defend these blessings, *as they ought*, against every attack which may be made on them, either from *without*, or from *within*; by the open aggression of foreign foes, or the less daring, but more dangerous and undermining, efforts of domestic enemies! Let them be stedfast, united, dauntless in the glorious work; and, unwearied in the righteous cause, may they manfully persist, in spite of secret machinations or open violence, and (under the blessings of heaven) preserve unimpaired the happiness, the prosperity, and the greatness of their *native land*, to themselves and to their posterity.

Such, Mr. Satirist, are the honest sentiments of, I trust, a better *Patriot* than any of the *Burdetts*, *Folkestones*, or *Whitbreads* of the present day. If you think them worthy of insertion in your next month's publication, they are much at your service, and will, I hope, serve to register the *consistency*, the *disinterestedness*, the *purity* of our modern *Patriots*.

I am,

Mr. Satirist,

Your well-wisher in a common cause,

T. G. A.

February 10th, 1812.

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### CRYING SINS!!!

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*O proceres! censore opus est nobis?*

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Sir,

You will hardly credit what I am going to relate, it so borders on the *marvellous*. I had written an article for *The Satirist*, and commissioned my foot-clod, who is "ignorant as dirt," (I took him from the plough—whither he is about to return—*earth to earth!*) to put it into the post. As you have done me the honor of inserting every article that I have sent you, I knew not to what to attribute your rejection of this last—especially as it was, from beginning to end, perfectly inoffensive. Of course, I could only conclude, that my in-

tended communication had miscarried. "Into what post," said I, "*goodman DELVER*, did you put my letter to the Satirist?" "*The pooast in the rooad*"—said the fellow, with all the senseless simplicity imaginable. "The Road! WHAT *Post* in the road? Show me this instant." *That I wull, measter,*"—and actually pointed to a *post*—an upright log of rotten timber, into one of the clefts of which he had contrived to put my letter! It certainly *came to hand*, but not to the *right hand*! Now, Sir, to stop all Plagiarists into whose hands my intended communication to the Satirist may have fallen—and here, by the way, be it recorded, that "there is no *cheating* like the FELONY of WIT: He which theeves *that*, robbes *the owner !!!*" So says, with no, less MODESTY than SAGACITY, *Maister Owen Feltham* in the Preface to his "*Resolves*," *imprinted* in 1631, 4th ed.—I do hereby send you a sketch of my (intended) communication.

In the first place, some *seasonable* Criticisms on the CHRISTMAS CAROLS—one of the *crying* sins of the nation! I think it is either Dr. Johnson, or Mr. Stevens, his *partner* in the Shakspeare *note* manufactory—or else, it is Mr. Douce, that speaks of the *high* antiquity of these, still popular, *Carols*. But what then? Will this atone for the barbarous and LOW blasphemy they contain? Are not *Chervy Chace*, and, *eke*, the *Children in the Wood*, of "*high antiquity*"—and, in point of composition, not inferior to the productions of some of our modern poetasters, whose *wire-drawn* sentiments are sent into the world on *wire-wove* paper? But, Sir, in neither of these *auncient Ballettes* do we meet with any gross violation of decorum, or any *very* glaring solecism. I defy, however, the dirtiest *Grub-street Muse* that ever *grubbed*, to out-do the following:—



"The **FIRST** good joy **OUR** *Mary* had

It was the joy of **ONE** (!!!)

To see her own son \* \* \* \* \*

To suck at her breast-BONE!!!!!!

Mr. Satirist, ought *such* things to be?—and *bawled* by wretches, *beggaring* all description—*bringing* with them **BREATHS** from the gin-shop, and **BLASTS** from the night-cellar!!! Does it not fill us with "strange shudders" to hear the most sacred of all names profaned by such unhallowed, and *unclean* lips, and that, "D— and B— my eyes, **POLL**, I have not taken a ha'-penny to day"—should conclude the piece!!!—Now, sir, if *Christmas Carols* **MUST** be chaunted—though I know no canon, or "injunction," from **EDWARD the sixth's** time down to the present, that so ordains,—I would propose that the *Poet-laureat*—and, though I do not pretend to poetical taste, I confess I am fond of *Pye*—should furnish the verses in his best *holiday* style—that Sir William P—ns, knight, P. M. and M. P. (*Professor of Music, and Police Magistrate*) should, when *refreshed with wine*, set them to *sober* music—and, further, should receive a handsome compensation for providing singers *meet* for the purpose—to wit, having *clear* voices and *clean* lips! This done, foreigners would not have so much occasion to make themselves *merry*, as they do, (*hinc illæ lachrymæ!*) with our "*merry Christmas*." . . . . I next descanted, Mr. Satirist, on the *lamentable* state of *ballad-singing* in this country. We sadly desiderate a Reform in this branch of **PUBLIC** amusement—of amusement the **MOST** attracting among a certain class of the community.

I remember on the day when *un-holy* **St. Francis** **TOWER**-ed above his former situation (a precious "Saint!"

he swears he is—though his friends cannot deny that he lives in *Peccadillo!*) hearing, in the corners of the streets, songs lauding and magnifying that immaculate Martyr to the GLOBOUS cause of democracy; and trolling execrations on the authors (AUTHORS!!) of his incarceration. 'Twas cheap as dirt, only for a Ha-'penny (*Counterfeits taken*) to buy a load of pure, genuine, unsophisticated *Sedition!*

Another of the crying sins of the nation refers to WATCHMEN, so called, as *lucus a non lucendo*—for, in general, they only watch an opportunity, when they think nobody watches them, to steal a comfortable nap. But my strictures are meant to refer to their manner of “CRYING the hour,”—as it is called. Now, Sir, these criers in the streets ought to be told, not to lay the emphasis (though perhaps they may not know what that is—or, think an emphasis all a hum!)—on “*Par-arst*” and “*Co-lork;*” but on the hour ONE, TWO, or whatever it is. I wish some of those patriotic gentlemen (my heart grieves to think of the sacrifice they are making to the public safety) who are roused from their beds, and from the WARM comforts of their wives, to walk the streets, and watch the WATCHMEN—I wish, I say, some of this HUMANE Society for the suppression of house-breakers, &c. &c. &c. would enforce what I have suggested. I could wish—but it is too much to ask—not having THE HONOR of an acquaintance with the gentleman—that Professor TELL-WELL, who has acquired so much “Mouth-honor”—having wrought MIRACLES, and “made the tongue of the stammerer to speak plainly !!!” would have the goodness to give a lesson gratis (his terms\*, like HIMSELF, are very lofty) to the

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\* See a pamphlet published by Arch of Cornhill.

watchmen in his quarter! IF Mrs. TELL-WELL could spare him from her arms one night, for this purely disinterested and *chaste* purpose; her TRULY patriotic husband (*quid rides?* has he not been A TRIED Patriot in THE WORST of times?) might do the state some service *in that way*.—Methinks I hear him exclaim in the patriotic language of *Nisus* in *Virgil*;

—Aliquid jamdudum invadere magnum  
Mens agitat mihi; nec placidâ contenta quiete est.

To which, the professor's lady, though she were half asleep, would, no doubt, *nod* assent.

The crying of *Hot-Cross-Buns* on *Good Friday* is another CRYING Sin—and which calls loudly for the pious interference of the *Society for the Suppression of Vice*. All day long—even from day-break—and during the hours of divine service, are our ears *dinned* with the *chime* of “Hot-cross-buns—one a penny buns—one a penny, two a penny hot-cross-buns.” Nay, these *luxuries* are by all classes devoured for breakfast—a BREAK-FAST, *forsooth!!!*—whereas our pious ancestors, I have no doubt, religiously *dined* on them, and on nothing else—and said a hearty grace, both before and after, BUNS! Oh the luxury! Oh the degeneracy of the age! Sir, it will hardly be credited that in some *eminent* Pastry-cooks' windows are stuck up on the day preceding *Good Friday*, *notifications* of the precise hour when the Buns will be ready for *mastication*. I have even seen advertisements in the newspapers conveying to the public the same *important* intelligence!!—Does not this cry, even louder than Sir F—s B—tt, for A REFORM? . . . . . I had almost forgot to mention that in my *mis-carried* communication, I had animadverted on the *Christmas WAITS*—a custom which as *Shakspeare's*



Hamlet says, would be "more honored in the *breach* than the observance,"—notwithstanding its alleged antiquity. I am not sufficiently acquainted with *Mister Douce*—

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"Deep skill'd  
In learning's *Black* domain"—

to request him to *bestow all his tediousness upon me*\* in illustrating it. No doubt, however, can, I think, be entertained but that the tunes they used to play in days of yore were adapted to Psalms, and Hymns, and SPIRITUAL songs. But now (O *cœlestium inanes!*) the "merry Christmas" is ushered in with *jig*-tunes so lively and so moving, that they set even the *saints*, I mean, of course, the pious Whitfield-ites and Wesley-ites, a dancing in their beds! I wonder the SUPPRESSORS of Vice—by the bye I am as anxious to see that they have *finished* their *laudable* undertaking—though the SUPPRESSION of Vice is not the work of a day—as I am to see "THE END" of Dr. Rees' ponderous and vast *Encyclopedia*.—I wonder these *worthies* do not "Suppress" the sound of these, whimsically called, *Waits*. Sir, people may talk, and *laugh*, as they please—the annoyance occasioned by this midnight minstrelsy is very *serious* in its consequences. Only suppose, for instance, a *Statesman* (not a NEWGATE one) planning the good of his country—*sab nocte silenti*—at midnight, when all is husht—nought heard save WATCHMENS' snore!—Or, to put a *stronger* case, suppose *Mister Cobbett*, "sleepless himself to give his readers sleep," had worked himself up to the *finest* pitch of Democratic frenzy possible—*governing the GOVERNMENT—over-throwing THRONES—and degrading DIGNITIES*—Oh! what a

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\* Shakspeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*.

maddening interruption to his political meditation, to hear those loyal, but by HIM *detested*, tunes of *Rule Britannia*, and *God save the King!!!* played underneath the walls of his *Cell!!!* Or, put the case of the *frothy Mister Whitbread* brewing politics, and when in a fine *ferment*—his “Speech intended to be spoken,” being ALL BUT ENTIRE, to have his ears assailed, and his temper turned *sour*—worse than *beer* in a thunder-storm—with the tune of “*Go to the D—l and shake yourself!*” How know we, but that, in spite of his super-eminent *sanctity*, he might not be tempted to exclaim “*D—these fiddlers!*” Or, suppose *Mister CITIZEN Waithman* was *dozing*, and at the same time COMPOSING a speech, intended, as *Bayes* says, to “*elevate and surprise*” the common-council-men at their next meeting, and make their very *wigs* to stand on end—why, sir, *HOGARTH’S Musician* would be a *tame* picture of *rexation*, fully to represent him. For these, and for other reasons (one of which is that these *Waits* are a great and terrible annoyance to the brethren and *sisters* in *Wesley’s* connection who attend the LOVE-FEASTS) I vote their abolition! One, and but one, public character do I know who would be pleased with his *nightly serenading*—I mean THE RIGHT *amorous Lord Hairy-skin*. Something played *brisk and lively*, and *tender and TOUCHING*, might rouse him, when already nearly exhausted, to ARMS!! [It is true, Mr. Satirist, that his lordship sleeps, when *solus*, in the identical wig which he wore when he was ———! It almost completely covered his *Quixotic* face, and must make a comfortable warm winter night-cap.] . . . . . Among *crying* sins, I would say a word or two about the *Bell-man*, and his “*verses*.” What with *the bell*, and the *Bell-man’s bellowing*, not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups in Apothecaries-hall can keep us from waking! Then the

"Verses"—what a medley of the sacred and profane! Sir, did you ever read the *address to MAIDS*? Anacreontic Moore has nothing to equal it in *pointed* allusion. But sure I am, that, however, it may *tickle* THEIR fancies to whom it is addressed, it cannot but excite indignant disgust in a mind like yours, Mr. Satirist, who, judging of you from the engraved portrait on the out-side of your red cover (a STRIKING likeness—no doubt)—are, like myself, a grave old CODGER\*!—Sir, I am an old man—some call me an *odd* man—but *odd* and *old* if it be so—why so BE IT! *how-be-it*, I love my KING [God FOR EVER bless him!] and I love my COUNTRY [*Esto perpetua!*] and I love *decency*, and I hate a Democrat as I hate the D—I, who was a Democrat from the beginning; [See Milton's P. L.] and, THEREFORE I write of these things. *i quid novisti*—you know the rest. . . . A sudden fore-boding twinge of the gout obliges me to conclude, thus lamely,

Yours,

OLD QUIZ\*\*.

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\* No reflection? None in the world! There is a society of gentlemen of the first-rate respectability (some of them *Common-Council-men*!) who call themselves *Codgers*. The society was instituted so long as the year 1756. They are the most loyal, and *Anti-COBETT*, men in the kingdom. Their *Hall* is very near *Citizen W——n's shop*—of course, not far from the mansion of the *egregious* knight, Sir R——d P——ps. But the *recreant* knight, and the dealer in "filthy dowlas," might as well expect to be returned Members of Parliament, as Members of the Society of *Codgers*. Now, Mr. Satirist, the END of this note is that the brother *Codgers*, looking upon you as one of the most loyal men in the kingdom, do through me, who am an old *Codger*, request that you will become a fellow of our Society. N. B. NOBLE GRAND sends due regards.

\*\* The reason why I have not included the "*crying of dying speeches*" (a matter of the last importance) among the *crying sins* of the nation is, that it would occupy too large a portion of your present number, were the subject duly and fully considered. If I can procure a copy, I will sub-



*The GREAT Elephant.*

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Animalium maximum Elephas.

PLIN.

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"The GIANT of Beasts!"

DONNE.

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MR. SATIRIST,

"Have you seen the Elephant?" is all the cry among the play-going people. But I am apt to think that this "GREAT actor"—as the newspapers call him—like the GREAT Stephen Kemble, when he appeared some years ago at Covent Garden Theatre to *enact* Sir John Falstaff without *stuffing*—draws full houses, more from the circumstance of his unwieldy bulk than from any extraordinary abilities he possesses as an actor. I have not seen this illustrious quadruped, but am told, that he *treads* the stage with a majestic dignity not inferior to that of King John Kemble. But, sir, when I state, that this Elephant has all the "capabilities" of becoming a rival of the hitherto deemed *unrivalled* actor just named!!! when I

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mit it to you, of a humble petition to the P. R. praying his Royal Highness to bestow a pension on *poor* Jack Ketch, who has been of late so **BLACK** of work, that he is ready to *hang* HIMSELF!!! He states that he lost a good job in the "acquitted felons;" but hopes, and trusts, respecting *them there* ge'men, that he shall still have **ORDERS** to **EXECUTE** before *they* die!!

shall prove, from extracts of sacred antiquity, that no performer on *two* legs could ever imitate, or come near, this *four-legged* phænomenon in the number and variety of his gestures *ἐν τοῖς θεατροῖς*—quarum copiam, atque concinnitatem, difficile sit HUMANÆ ULLI INDUSTRIÆ exprimere, aut memoriâ complecti—as the wise Plutarch affirms\*; the managers, or proprietors of this prodigy of nature, will lose no time in providing for him proper masters, who shall call forth, and cultivate, those latent qualities; and thus render our Elephant, in other respects besides his bulk, an ornament to the British stage—Pray, Mr. Satirist, do you know whether our most noble quadruped has learned to DANCE! If not, his education has been shamefully neglected. You will excuse my pedantry in quoting again, for authority, the words of the greatest and wisest of ancient historians, Plutarch, in confirmation of the statement that the Elephants of old time were taught to DANCE.. ὀρχησεῖς τε μανθάνει, καὶ χορεύουσιν.. (Mr. Kemble reads Greek and, I am told, understands it!) Further, Mr. Satirist, to induce the manager, without delay, to train up our Elephant in the knowledge of those arts and accomplishments, for which the Elephants of antiquity were so eminently distinguished, I would remark, that, in “*taking* their learning,” as the homely phrase is—such is the *ευπειθεῖα καὶ ἐνχολία*—their docility (*ductility*, I should have said) and the *facility* with which they imbibe instruction, that we (poor *bi-peds*!) are not to be compared with them. (vid. *Ælian. ix. Hist. cap. xi.*) The matchless and immortal Aristotle assures us, that Elephants are very learned and knowing—they know, he says, the precise, proper, season when to honor (*προσκυνεῖν*)

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\* Libro πρὸς τῶν ζῴων.

to fall down, and kneel, and make obeisance to) the King. Now this authority of the *Stagirite* is alone sufficient to put for ever at rest the controversy whether Elephants have *knees to bend*. (See Sir T. Brown's "Vulgar Errors," 5th ed. 1669, p. iii.) I dare say, Mr. Satirist, your (mere *English*) readers will think that I am playing the *Baron Munchausen*, if I assert, that Elephants have been endowed with the gift of *speech*—have taken sweet counsel together in some *right pleasant and pithy* DIALOGUE!!! An author before me protests that this is a fact; and begins with a *Nihil certius!* But in this age of scepticism and infidelity, I doubt whether his word will be taken. *Nihil certius in regno Malabar, quam quod hæ belluæ communicant inter se sermone—EDUNT ET LOQUUNTUR ETIAM HUMANAM VOCEM!!!* A *Greek* poet, likewise, says, (but he qualifies his assertion with a '*Tis reported—*) *ελεφαντες επ' αλληλοις λαλεισι*. But if *true*, Mr. Satirist, what a *valuablē* discovery! For in the absence of an eminent (bi-ped) performer—whether through indisposition of the mind, or body—to have his part undertaken, (Elephants, by the bye, have prodigious memories\*) at a *minute's* notice, BY THE ELEPHANT!! would produce the most striking effect. Let us suppose Mr. K.'s voice to be not at all to his own liking—Step forward, modest Mr. Cresswell—make your best bow, sir—and say: "Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. K. being suddenly taken ill, with your permission, the GREAT Elephant will undertake his part; and requests, through me, your usual indulgence on a "first appearance." Bravo! Bravissima!! would be shouted from highest to lowest—to wit, from gallery to pit, and even the *boxes* would join in "rude harmony."

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\* Memoria tam magna in hoc animante ut homini excedat!!!



However, if *acting* be out of our Elephant's sphere, and especially that cast of characters in which Mr. K. so eccentrically shines—such as the mad *Octavian*—and the crazy misanthrope, *Pearuddock*—and the melancholy *Jaques*—I would certainly recommend to our managers to bring out our Elephant in A DANCE!! I before cited Plutarch in proof of Elephants, in old times, being famous DANCERS: When my hand was in, I might have cited *Ælian* and *Pliny*—*Arcades ambo*, [I hope no wicked wit will translate this—*both shooters with the long bow!*] who relate, that under the empire of *Tiberius XII.* Elephants were brought into the theatre, and danced like—any D'EGVILLE'S . . . *ad cantum, terram pedibus leniter and numerosè pulsabant, et omnia præstabant quæ peritissimiludiorum.* But there may be danger in these “Dancing-bouts.”—I would, therefore, suggest to the managers, that enormous props be placed under the boards of the stage to prevent any *new drop scene!*—I need not tell you, Mr. Satirist, who are so well versed in classic lore, that the Elephants of the ancients were excellent *swimmers*. So Strabo affirms—*νῦν καλλίστα*. Now, what a treat would it be to the public, if the managers of the *Aquatic Theatre*, Sadler's Wells, would engage our Elephant to make his first appearance in the last act of their forthcoming *Water-piece!* But, Sir, how will your readers “stretch their eyes” when they are told, that Elephants, in ancient days, were celebrated ROPE-DANCERS!!! It is true—if there be truth in antiquity—confirmed by divers witnesses. First, Pliny—*postea et per funes incessère.* (Lib. VIII. cap. ii.) Again (cap. iii.) *Mirum maxime, and adversis quidem funibus subire, sed regredi magis; utique pronis.* (Why, this beats the famous “Little Devil!!”) Seneca, in epist LXXVI, likewise, relates—*Elephantem minimus Æthiops jubet subsidere in-*

genua, and ambulare *per funem*. Will your readers, Mr. Satirist, think you, require more testimonies before they believe? Then let them attend to—Suetonius—Notissimus eques Romanus elephante insidens per catadromum decucurrit—which a commentator explains—*per funem* in theatro extentum—And again—*per funes* decucurrit sessorem ferens . . . . . Now would the glory-seeking Coates, of histrionic notoriety become the *essor*—ye Gods in the galleries, ye inhabitants of the pit, and ye who shine, like stars, in the boxes—what a treat would you have! Nota Bene. The price for a seat to be not more than Mr. Sadler modestly asked for a break-neck hazard in his swift-going carriage which lately started from Hackney!—Now, Sir, I am serious when I propose, that our Elephant should be immediately put in the way of rope-vaulting. What! have we not had a General Jacko, of the monkey species, most admirable in that line! Did not Mister Philip Astley undertake his education, and watch his improvement with a sort of fatherly anxiety? And did not his pupil exceed his fondest expectation? Did he not become the most popular actor at his Amphitheatre?—And now that the same gentleman has got an Elephant under his roof, will he bring him forward to do nothing—but “strut and fret his hour upon the stage?!! Fret! Yes, sir, the generous and enlightened animal who possesses virtues which in men are rare! such as PROBITY, PRUDENCE, JUSTICE. RELIGION!!!\*—is, no doubt, exceedingly hurt at the indignity of being made a mere show of.———But, by your leave, more of the ELEPHANT—and in your next number.

Your's

\* \* \* \* \*

Islington, Feb. 12th.

## TROTTER's MUSEUM.

Mr. Satirist,

One of the greatest misfortunes which has fallen on this devoted land within the last 20 years is the unprecedentedly strong disposition which has arisen to turn into ridicule the researches of various travellers, who have (like Mr. Trotter) been anxious to serve the cause of "the glorious light of truth."

You, sir, in common with every other intelligent man, must, I am sure, feel with me, that nothing can be more injurious than such a system. To persist in it would be to dry up the fountain of knowledge, to impede the progress of science, and, in short, to place an eternal barrier against future improvement. What can be more truly alarming, what more sincerely to be deplored than such a calamity? This, sir, would be the state of things, the more to be deplored, as it could not be amended, even by the object of the great Katterfelto's labours,—a Parliamentary Reform; nor yet by the motion for a repeal of the Union Act, as intended to be moved by the eloquent and sagacious Mr. Hutchinson, though I am inclined to think those ingenious Senators would have no difficulty in ascribing this, in common with all other evils, to the corruption in Parliament, and the baneful effects of the Union.

I hope however, that this calamity, at least, will be averted, and that the great men of the present day will not suffer themselves to be laughed out of countenance, by a few impudent scribblers, who periodically feed the



public spleen, to get fed themselves. I hope they will take effectual measures for preserving the remembrance of their labours, and to accomplish so desirable an object I call upon Mr. Trotter who writes, and upon Mr. Cockadoodle Coates who acts "*for mankind and posterity*," to lay *their heads together* on the occasion, and I think from the connections of these gentlemen, and from the union of such *kindred genius*, and such extraordinary talent, we may reasonably anticipate something out of the common way.

A friend of mine, and an admirer of theirs, not Sir R. P——ps, nor A——y P——n, alias The widow Fairburn, nor Bob Barney, nor Bill Soames, but a gentleman as honest as Sir R——d himself, and not inferior in literary accomplishments to that renowned hero and celebrated author *General Ludd*, has formed a plan which I think must meet with encouragement, if the great men I have mentioned will unite to carry it into effect. The plan which he has formed is nothing less than a plan to establish a new museum. In this he proposes that all the great men of the day should deposit the curiosities they may have collected in their travels, and he further hints that it may not be amiss if some of these great men were even to *give themselves*. This in particular he recommends to certain walking curiosities, who may hereafter be more distinctly pointed out, and called upon to come forward, who have *nothing but themselves to give*, and if this assemblage of wonders were exhibited but at the small charge of one penny per head, he is confidently of opinion (and so am I) that the concern would hardly be less valuable than that of the new opera at the Pantheon.

My limits will not allow me in my present communication fully to detail every thing connected with this project. The sketch, indeed, itself my friend has not yet

had time to complete, though before I lay down my pen I hope to give you a something of it. To get time for this, I must cut my introduction very short. This I am aware will be a subject of great regret both to you and your readers, but you know "*brevity is the soul of wit.*" I say "*you know,*" and so I suppose you do, for it is the case of wit, (singularly enough) that many are acquainted with its soul who have nothing to do with its body (No reflection on you, Mr. Satirist).—In the present instance (as I have given you, reason to suppose), it is not my intention to say with Tom Moore, "Your soul, though a very sweet soul, love, will *not be sufficient* for me."

To what lengths will not *men go*, when determined to be brief. Well, I have to beg yours and your readers'—but an apology for prolixity is the devil. A man always makes a dozen blunders in trying to get over one, so I'll push on and say no more about it.—It is proposed by my friend that the new institution shall, in the first place, be enriched with a part, if not all of the curiosities which Mr. Trotter has collected in his voyages and travels. On this account, as well as on account of a natural desire, that this establishment may have a good chance of *ambling* to posterity, my friend wishes it to bear the name of Trotter.

I really find it impossible to give you at present his plan of arrangement.—I must therefore conclude by enumerating a few of the curiosities which may be deposited there by Mr. Trotter, for the benefit of "mankind and posterity."

1. Several "*beauties of North Wales.*"
2. The ticket put under Mr. Trotter's plate at Lisle, inscribed "L'ami du Lord Fox," which he has retained

ever since, as an honorable and to him ever melancholy memorial."

3. A "young girl," not Lord Holland—(from Holland,)
4. A young girl very fair and "of an engaging appearance!"—(from Holland.)
5. A "young girl" even handsome—(from ditto.)
6. A "young girl" "quite young"—(from ditto.)
7. The genuine modesty of Mr. Fox's nature—(from Paris).
8. Mr. Fox's political consistency—(*from nothing.*)
9. Mr. Trotter's notes of the memorable speech of Mr. Fox, when he actually used the word "certainly" in company with Mr. Trotter and Sir Francis Vincent.
10. A black Cow—(from Holland.)
11. A black and white Cow—(from ditto.)
12. Lieut. Gen. O'Mora; an Irishman, or rather of an Irish extraction, who had a remarkable strong feeling of sympathy and yearning, for what he considered his native country—Ireland, after "serving in the French armies" (and fighting against it), from his earliest youth"—(from France.)
13. Plans of many houses which were (as we heard) to be let in and about Brussels—(in yellow chalk.)
14. Perspective views of ditto—(in ditto.)
15. A good Horse—(from Holland.)
16. A handsome ditto—(from ditto.)
17. A Pig of a most miserable appearance—(from ditto.)
18. The Digitalis or Foxglove which *was administered* to Mr. Fox in his last illness, and which accelerated the death of that great Statesman.
19. The Digitalis or Foxglove, which *was not administered* to Mr. Fox in his last illness, and which Mr. Trotter has a right to ask "*why it was not given,*" and even to



assert that had it been administered the life of Mr. Fox might have been prolonged.

20. The "*Venial Error*" of the *Digitalis*.

21. The very *sensible* letter of Sir R. Phillips on the subject of the *Digitalis* and the "*Venial Error*."

22. The letters of the medical attendants of Mr. Fox, spreading as it were a "*small spot*," into "*a broad cloud*" in the form of an *extinguisher*, apparently falling on "*the little farthing rushlight*."

23. A list of those who *alone* were present when Mr. Fox breathed his last, omitting (for the sake of *greater accuracy*, and in order to avoid over stating facts,) *the name of the physician*, who held his hand at that moment.

24. "THE GLORIOUS LIGHT OF TRUTH\*!" (*i. e.* Mr. Trotter's Book.)

25. Sketch of Mr. Trotter drawing Mr. Fox round the garden in his chair—(*a fine drawing*).

26. A drawing of the Sun as it appeared shining on Chiswick House, &c. before Mr. Fox died—(*a very extraordinary spectacle*).

27. A Chair in Chiswick House, apparently just left by a Duchess.

28. A pail full of tears, shed by Mr. Trotter on the death of Mr. Fox.—(*These may be bottled off.*)

29. The name of the street which Mr. Fox and Mr. Trotter walked through, when on their travels, in order to ascertain whither it led, "*for the benefit of mankind and posterity*."

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\* It really appears to us that there is some error in the arrangement in this place, which escaped our correspondent in the hurry of writing. "*The glorious light of truth*" we conceive ought to be placed immediately under the *extinguisher*.—SATIRIST.

30. A button which burst off one of Mr. Fox's waist-coats, after eating a hearty dinner, on his way to France, which Mr. Trotter has perhaps hitherto kept, "as an honorable and to him ever melancholy memorial."

31. A list of paintings which Mr. Fox saw, and was pleased with, at Paris.

32. Plan of an apartment in which Mr. Fox exclaimed "Hem!" in the year 1802, and in the presence of Mr. Trotter.

33. Reflections of Mr. Trotter, bound in *calf* for various *necessary* purposes.

From the above slight glance at a few of these articles, which it is in the power of Mr. Trotter alone to furnish, I think, sir, it must be clear to you, that the proposed institution may be made as useful and as interesting, as it would certainly be magnificent. In addition to these, if Mr. Coates could be prevailed upon to give his curricule, and one of his cocks of brass, together with his own person, I think little more would be necessary; but if he could get the great Anthony Pasquin to give some of his poetry, nothing would be wanting to make the institution complete but the tumbles, and mustachios of Baron Geramb.

I am,

Mr. Satirist,

Yours, &c. &c.

A lover of *Vertu*.

## THE PRINCE REGENT.

While the discontented, the seditious and the malignant are watching with savage anxiety to discover and blazon the frailties of illustrious individuals, be ours the more hallowed and more pleasing task of recording their good deeds, their acts of patriotism and the examples of their wisdom. We are far, however, from considering Princes as amenable to no tribunal for their conduct, and are ready to admit that the freedom of the press may be most wholesomely exercised in canvassing their actions, and in fairly remonstrating against any improprieties or imprudencies which may tend to depreciate them in the estimation of the public. But there is a material difference between those authors who write with the view of awakening a sense of propriety and a disposition to amendment, and those who libel for the purpose of wounding the feelings or of extorting money as the price of future forbearance.—Of the latter disgraceful class are, undoubtedly, the miscreants, who, for these last three years, have unceasingly assailed the Royal Family. We have had the happiness of dragging a few of these darkling monsters into the light, where they excite a very different feeling to that of fear, and where, though still objects of universal abhorrence, they are found upon examination, as harmless as the toad or any other loathsome though innoxious animal.

A contemptible blow-fly buzzing about our ears in the dark, is truly alarming, because the sound of its wings resembles that of the wasp's or the hornet's, but when



day-light enables us to discover the insignificant animal, we laugh at our fears that are passed, and, if we condescend to crush it, it is only because it disturbs our ears or disgusts our sight.

Where is the man, nay, where is the timid female, who would now feel any apprehension from a threatened libel by T——s H——E, and yet, before the character of this libeller was known, even Princes have trembled at his threats, and *Prince's friends* have condescended to *purchase his forbearance*.

A recent transaction has proved, to our regret, that this system of suppressing, by bribery, that which ought to be restrained by the strong arm of the law, and by the terrors of the pillory, is still practised.

We will speak out, and we speak from good authority. Col. M'M——, has recently paid a considerable sum for the suppression of a most wicked, false, malignant, but contemptible libel, advertised for publication, under the *captivating* title of "*R—l Stripes*,"\* of which, had fifty thousand copies been sold, they would only have excited the indignation of the public against their infamous author, and their equally disreputable vendor. That Col. M'M—— was actuated by the best of motives, we are thoroughly convinced; his ardent attachment, and his long and faithful services, are most honourable to himself, and must be most gratifying to their illustrious object—but, we trust, he will on reflection, see the imprudence of thus patronising and encouraging the vile defamers of his Royal Master. How can he expect that men, who are base enough to write for the purpose of extortion, will be restrained by any sense of honor from employing

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\* See our Review of this wretched production in our present Number.

an accomplice to assist them in further depredations of a similar nature.

It was naturally to be imagined that the author and publisher of the libel, to which we have before alluded, the moment they had received their stipulated price for its suppression, would furnish some equally unprincipled agent, with the same materials, on condition of sharing again in the spoil which they found it so easy to obtain. —Accordingly, “*The Ghost of R——l Stripes*,” evidently written by the same author, has been published by their friend in Newgate-street, and the suppression of the former libel impudently blazoned to excite the public curiosity, and to answer the purposes of further extortion. Col. M<sup>r</sup>M—— must now feel that his Royal Master has acquired a reputation by his recent, wise, and princely conduct, which no slander can injure, and that an applauding and admiring nation will regard with indignation and abhorrence, any attempt to dim the lustre of his character, whether it be made by libelling extortioners, or by *disappointed Statesmen*.

The letter of his Royal Highness to his illustrious brother will be read with admiration, while justice, wisdom, and patriotism are regarded as virtues in a ruling prince. It has electrified the nation with rapture, and filled every British heart with gratitude and affection.

We shall not apologize for deviating from our general rule, of inserting only original matter, to ornament the Satirist with this honorable document, for we conceive it to be the duty of every good and loyal man to contribute, as much as is in his power, to its general circulation.

We subjoin the reply from a very different motive.

LETTER

LETTER FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE  
PRINCE REGENT OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE,  
TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF  
YORK.

“ MY DEAREST BROTHER,

“ As the restrictions on the exercise of the Royal Authority will shortly expire, when I must make my arrangements for the future Administration of the powers with which I am invested, I think it right to communicate those sentiments which I was withheld from expressing at an earlier period of the Session, by my warmest desire, that the expected motion on the affairs of Ireland might undergo the deliberate discussion of Parliament, unmixed with any other consideration.

“ I think it hardly necessary to call your recollection to the recent circumstances under which I assumed the authority delegated to me by Parliament. At a moment of unexampled difficulty and danger, I was called upon to make a selection of persons to whom I should entrust the functions of the Executive Government. My sense of duty to our Royal Father solely decided that choice; and every private feeling gave way to considerations which admitted of no doubt or hesitation. I trust I acted in that respect as the genuine representative of the August Person whose functions I was appointed to discharge; and I have the satisfaction of knowing, that such was the opinion of persons, for whose judgment and honourable feelings I entertain the highest respect in various instances, as you well know. When the law of the last Session left me at full liberty, I waved any personal gratification, in order that His Majesty might resume, on his restoration



restoration to health, every power and prerogative belonging to his Crown. I certainly am the last person in the kingdom to whom it can be permitted to despair of our Royal Father's recovery. A new era is now arrived, and I cannot but reflect with satisfaction, on the events which have distinguished the short period of my restricted Regency. Instead of suffering in the loss of her possessions, by the gigantic force which has been employed against them, Great Britain has added most important acquisitions to her Empire. The National Faith has been preserved inviolable towards our Allies; and, if character is strength, as applied to a nation, the increased and increasing reputation of His Majesty's arms will show to the Nations of the Continent how much they may achieve when animated by a glorious spirit of resistance to a foreign yoke. In the critical situation of the war in the Peninsula, I shall be most anxious to avoid any measure which can lead my Allies to suppose that I mean to depart from the present system. Perseverance alone can achieve the great object in question; and I cannot withhold my approbation from those who have honourably distinguished themselves in support of it. I have no predilection to indulge,—no resentments to gratify,—no objects to attain but such as are common to the whole Empire. If such is the leading principle of my conduct,—and I can appeal to the past as evidence of what the future will be;—I flatter myself I shall meet with the support of Parliament, and of a candid and enlightened nation. Having made the communication of my sentiments in this new and extraordinary crisis of our affairs, I cannot conclude without expressing the gratification I should feel, if some of those persons with whom the early habits of my public life were formed, would strengthen my hands, and constitute a part of my Government. With such support, and aided by a vigorous  
and

and united Administration, formed on the most liberal basis, I shall look with additional confidence to a prosperous issue of the most arduous contest in which Great Britain was ever engaged. You are authorised to communicate these sentiments to Lord GREY, who, I have no doubt, will make them known to Lord GRENVILLE.

"I am always, my dearest Frederick, your ever affectionate Brother,

(Signed)

"GEORGE P. R.

"Carlton-House, Feb. 13, 1812.

"P. S. I shall send a copy of this letter immediately to Mr. PERCEVAL."

FEBRUARY 15, 1812.

"SIR,—We beg leave most humbly to express to your Royal Highness our dutiful acknowledgments for the gracious and condescending manner in which you have had the goodness to communicate to us the letter of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, on the subject of the arrangements to be now made for the future Administration of the public affairs; and we take the liberty of availing ourselves of your gracious permission, to address to your Royal Highness in this form what has occurred to us in consequence of that communication. The Prince Regent, after expressing to your Royal Highness in that letter his sentiments on various public matters, has, in the concluding paragraph, condescended to intimate his wish that some of those persons with whom the early habits of his public life were formed, would strengthen his Royal Highness's hands, and constitute a part of his Government: and his Royal Highness is pleased to add, that with such support, aided by a vigorous and united Administration, formed on the most liberal basis, he would look with additional confidence to a prosperous  
issue

issue of the most arduous contest in which Great Britain has ever been engaged. On the other parts of his Royal Highness's letter we do not presume to offer any observations; but in the concluding paragraph, in so far as we may venture to suppose ourselves included in the gracious wish which it expresses, we owe it, in obedience and duty to his Royal Highness to explain ourselves with frankness and sincerity. We beg leave most earnestly to assure his Royal Highness, that no sacrifices, except those of honour and duty, could appear to us too great to be made, for the purpose of healing the divisions of our country, and uniting both its Government and its people. All personal exclusion we entirely disclaim: we rest on public measures; and it is on this ground alone that we must express, without reserve, the impossibility of our uniting with the present Government. Our differences of opinion are too many and too important to admit of such an union. His Royal Highness will, we are confident, do us the justice to remember, that we have twice already acted on this impression; in 1809, on the proposition then made to us under his Majesty's authority; and last year, when his Royal Highness was pleased to require our advice respecting the formation of a new Government. The reasons which we then humbly submitted to him are strengthened by the increasing dangers of the times; nor has there, down to this moment, appeared even any approximation towards such an agreement of opinion on the public interests; as can alone form a basis for the honourable union of parties previously opposed to each other. Into the detail of those differences we are unwilling to enter; they embrace almost all the leading features of the present policy of the Empire; but his Royal Highness has, himself, been pleased, to advert to the late deliberations of Parliament on the affairs of Ireland. This  
is



is a subject, above all others, important in itself, and connected with the most pressing dangers. Far from concurring in the sentiments which his Majesty's Ministers have, on that occasion, so recently expressed. we entertain opinions directly opposite : we are firmly persuaded of the necessity of a total change in the present system of that country, and of the immediate repeal of those civil disabilities under which so large a portion of his Majesty's subjects still labour on account of their religious opinions. To recommend to Parliament this repeal, is the first advice which it would be our duty to offer to His Royal Highness, could we, even for the shortest time, make ourselves responsible for any farther delay in the prospect of a measure, without which we could entertain no hope of rendering ourselves useful to His Royal Highness, or to the country. We have only further to beg your Royal Highness to lay before His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, the expression of our humble duty, and the sincere and respectful assurance of our earnest wishes for whatever may best promote the ease, honour, and advantage of His Royal Highness's government, and the success of his endeavours for the public welfare. We have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed)

“ GREY.

“ GRENVILLE.”

To His Royal Highness the DUKE of YORK.

## ON THE EDUCATION OF THE POOR.

## LETTER II.

No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought.

“ Let man’s own sphere (said he) confine his view,

Be man’s peculiar work his sole delight.”

BEATTIE.

MR. SATIRIST,

There are three descriptions of persons who encourage and support Sunday schools and universal education.—The first are actuated, no doubt, by the best and purest of motives, Religion and Benevolence. These I honor and respect, though I cannot help doubting the good effects of their pious zeal. The second are led by the fashion of the day, and follow the stream, which bears away their otherwise undirected bark. But there is a third class, whose intentions are evil, deep, designing and dangerous. My readers will scarcely be at a loss to discover that I allude to the democratic and disorganizing faction, which is the disgrace of the present times;—a race of men, or rather demons, sprung from, and generated in, that over-heated dung-hill and mass of corruption, the French Revolution. These miscreants have long been labouring with diabolical perseverance to overturn the glorious and happy constitution of this country, under the pretence of lopping away the decayed and superfluous branches of the stately tree; but, thanks to an over-seeing Providence, their efforts have hitherto been in vain; their axes have fallen edgeless, or, losing the power

of gravitation, they have descended like the touch of a feather on its resisting substance. Finding all the exertion of their strength to be vain, they now propose the more certain, though slower, means of mine and sap. Hidden in the earth, they burrow round its roots, and endeavour to poison the soil in which it grows. Amongst the foremost of those undermining and noxious vermin, is the apparently pious and prim Mr. —, who, under the imposing garb of religious enthusiasm, steps forward as the champion of virtue—as the great luminary who is to disperse the cloud of ignorance which involves, in more than Egyptian darkness, the unhappy vulgar. At first he meekly proposed to tread in the path marked out for him by the highly meritorious Dr. B—; but happily the designing and overweening pedagogue could not long remain in concealment. Elevated into notice by his own impudence and forwardness, he forgot the guiding hand which had pointed out to him the road, and arrogated to himself the merit of a new discovered region. Big with his own fancied importance, he forgot he was acting the part of a *primitive Christian*. He assailed that highly respected character, Professor Marsh, with all the virulence and abuse of vulgarity and presumption. Not content with betraying his natural character, thus far—to crown the whole, at a late meeting of the Catholic Convention in Ireland, he boldly threw off the mask, and avowed his principles.

But it was not enough that his wickedness must be displayed to the world, to excite its just execration and disgust; but his folly and mendacity must intitle him also to its contempt;—and, with unblushing front, he promulgated a *pretended* conversation with our august and afflicted Sovereign on a subject of so delicate a nature, that even his most confidential minister would scarcely have presumed



sumed to have touched on it.—Oh shame! where is thy blush!—But that is a feeling to which Mr. —— has shown himself a stranger.

How fortunate is it, for the happiness of society, that the wicked generally over-act their parts, and in the violence of their efforts discover that which they thought to hide, or disguise. Thus Mr. ——, by rousing the public attention, stript himself of the plume he had basely stolen from Dr. ——, and discovered not only his disorganizing system of atheism, but laid open to the execration of mankind, the fetters, racks, tortures, and disgraceful punishments of his vaunted school, by which he proposed to root out from the breasts of his unhappy pupils not only the fear of future punishments in the world to come, but the sense of shame in this—and by inuring them to disgrace and torture in their youth, rendering them insensible to the inflictions of the law, and in due time fit instruments for the flagitious designs of his desperate employers, who are well aware that the established church is one of the main pillars of the state, and so linked and united with the building, that if it be overturned, the state itself must fall with it. But I sincerely hope and trust that their impious purposes will ever be thus defeated by the rashness and folly of their own agents.

I had written thus far, when the newspaper was put into my hands containing the proceedings of the city meeting on a proposal to subscribe £500 in support of the national school for instructing the poor in the religion of the established church. But Mr. Citizen W——, with some others of the disorganizing faction, stepped forward and declared, that the city has already subscribed to the establishment of Mr. Lancaster, which they approved of in preference to supporting the established religion

ligion of the country. No doubt they did—*pure and well-meaning Patriots!*—but I am thankful that their conduct in this instance, as in all others, furnishes the strongest argument in support of what I have advanced. Will the metropolis of England submit to the degrading condition of being led by men who do not even attempt to conceal their nefarious intentions?

It was not my intention, when I sat down to this letter, to have entered so fully as I have done into that part of my subject which I have just been treating on, but to have confined myself to mere argument on the policy or impolicy of the measure. Led away, however, by the feelings of indignation, I have been betrayed into a warmth, (not, I trust, an unbecoming one) when I proposed only cool investigation, and to which I will now return, first declaring that my only object in pursuing the subject is the elicitation of truth, and happy shall I feel to be relieved from the fears I entertain of the adopted system of universal education, by the conviction that I have myself been in an error.

Before I proceed to a further discussion of this point, it may not be amiss to inquire and determine in what a well regulated society consists. But when that society arrives at a high degree of civilization or polish, its component parts are so various, so intricate, convolved and connected one with another, that they cannot be so separated by the imagination as to afford such distinct ideas as will lead to a perfect analysis.

Society has often been compared to a machine, and perhaps few are aware of the strong analogy which exists between it and the common clock. The comparison is probably a trite one, but in drawing the parallel we shall perhaps throw some light on this intricate subject. To begin then with the *primum mobile* or weight. This in  
society

society is that numerous and preponderating class of persons who live by *manual labour*, who *dig the ground and shear the fleece*.

The chain, composed of numerous links, is the mercantile class, and which serves to unite the *primum mobile* or weight to the machine, and gives it power to act on all its parts.

The middling and higher ranks of society are its wheels and more complex parts.

The law is its pendulum, which regulates its motion, and makes it beat to true time.

The circulating medium is the oil which lubricates its parts, prevents abrasion, and facilitates its movements.

Religion is its dial. The ministers of religion, the hands, pointing to the written characters of God.

The case is its military strength, which protects it from outward injury.

The Government is the skilful workman who watches over all its movements—carefully supplying it with oil—repairing such parts as are amiss—and repairing or supplying new when the old ones are so worn out as to be incapable of performing their functions.

Having enumerated its principal parts, let us now inquire into their formation, and respective importance.

The *primum mobile* or weight, both in the living machine and its prototype, may be formed of the basest materials;—all that is required from it is, that it possess the powers of gravitation, the great principle of nature, inherent, more or less, in all bodies;—but it is absolutely necessary that it have the due degree of preponderance. If it be too light, the machine moves slowly, or ceases to move at all. If, on the other hand, it be too heavy, the machine beats hard and harsh, and an unnecessary abrasion of its parts is the consequence.

The



The chain (the mercantile class) must be of due length and strength, or the machine will require constant winding—or it will break, and motion will cease.

The superior parts, formed of more valuable metals than the weight, are carefully filed and nicely adjusted—the pivots are polished and hardened steel, and some of the nicer parts even work in jewellery.

The pendulum (or law) is the instrument, by the skilful management of which, the overseer regulates the whole machine;—he lengthens or shortens it according to the variation of climate. If it be too long, the motion will be too slow;—if too short, it will be too much accelerated. If it be unhung, the machine runs down with violence—the teeth of its wheels are broken—it is shaken in all its parts till the weight striking the ground, motion ceases.

The oil (or circulating medium) is supplied to all its parts, but less in proportion as they approach the *primum mobile*; being here less needful than in the more distant and delicate parts where the quantum of motion is greater.

Such a machine is a well regulated society; but the overseer is constantly surrounded by a numerous crew of vain pretenders, and cobblers in clock-making, who are daily pestering him with proposed improvements and amendments. One proposes wheels of a new but untried construction. Others assert, that the old ones are worn out, and require to be replaced. To these he answers—“Does not the machine fulfil its purposes?—Do not those wheels, which you suppose to be worn out, perform their office? And is not that wearing, which you deem an imperfection, on the contrary, a form which they have naturally taken from use, and which adapts them better to their office than any other form which  
the

the fallible hand of man could possibly give them? And as to wheels of a new construction. I am contented with those which, Experience has taught me, will perform their work, without risking untried ones, which cannot perform better, and may not do at all. My machine, in its original construction, was more simple, as its parts were fewer—nor was it then required to go with that nicety and precision which is now expected from it. But its complication has been gradual, and Experience only has been the nurse of improvement. With due care and attention, and occasional trifling repairs, it will, as it has already done, go for ages."

Such would be the reply of a wise overseer to those pretenders to knowledge. But what would he say to those who should be weak enough to propose, not only to add unnecessary wheels to the machine, but to form them out of such improper materials as lead, or iron,—and to take those materials from the weight, and thereby depriving it of its due preponderance.

It will perhaps be said, that the weight is full heavy, and will bear being diminished; to this I answer, that it is better it be too heavy than too light. In the former case the pendulum will correct the defect; but in the latter, motion will cease.

I will now drop metaphor, and ask what proof is there that our class of labourers is too numerous?—Is the fact proved by the high and increasing rate of wages, and the consequent rise in price of all the necessaries of life?—Do our extensive uncultivated commons and waste lands prove it?

I flatter myself that I have already shown that a certain number of hands should be employed in manual labour, and that every one taken from thence is an injury to the state. And I presume I have made it equally evident,

dent, that by giving man the *power* of emerging from the drudgery of manual labour, you give him also the *wish* to do so; and that this will be the case as long as ambition, and a desire to rise, shall form one of the principal motives that excite to human action.

If I have not already tired my reader, I will beg leave to conclude this letter with a short apologue, which he will have no difficulty in applying to the subject in discussion.

There was a certain rich jeweller who died, leaving two sons whom he had brought up to his own trade. It will be seen by the sequel, that one of these sons was wise, the other foolish. Having divided the riches of their deceased father equally, they travelled together into a distant country, where each laid out their wealth in a bag or bulse of diamonds, rough as they came from the mine. When they returned, the wise jeweller carefully examined his treasure, and selected a few of the first water, and many others of a second and third-rate quality. These he carefully polished and set for sale, and they returned him a great profit; the remainder, or refuse, he condemned to the mortar and the mill, to be ground into dust, as a necessary instrument in the prosecution of his future labours.

The foolish jeweller, without any selection, with great diligence and labour polished and set the whole of his purchase; but instead of obtaining a profit, he was a considerable loser by his bargain. He had thrown away his time and labour in polishing stones which should have been reserved to be employed in his work as a lapidary. Those which should have been ground to dust, or consigned to the glazier, were placed in gorgeous settings, which only served to render their imperfections more conspicuous; by this imprudent conduct, he not only



lowered the value of his best jewels, by lessening the public opinion of his judgment, but by thus depriving himself of a considerable quantity of diamond dust, so necessary to the prosecution of his business, he was prevented from following it, and became a bankrupt.

I need not help my reader to apply this ; let him cast his eyes round the metropolis, and he will be inclined to smile at the number of those *precious jewels* which he will meet with, and which, instead of being consigned to the glazier or the dust-mill, are placed in gorgeous settings, with all the pomp of eastern magnificence, and whose awkward polish serves but to show the flaws and foulness of the stone.

But, perhaps, Mr. Satirist, the die is already cast, and it is no longer a question, whether indiscriminate education shall take place or not.

If that is the case, the success of the *national* school, which inculcates the *national* religion, will ever have the warmest wishes of

Your most obedient Servant,

O. A. H.

## EXTRAORDINARY AND UNNATURAL SEDUCTION.

OR,

*A Sketch of a hoary Seducer, who does not reside  
in Grosvenor Square.*

How degrading to the human species are the profligate actions of individuals!—Let the perpetrators of deeds, such as we are about to hint at, tremble, for, in our next, we shall astonish and appal them.

What can be more infamous than to contaminate the mind of beauty, ere the understanding has acquired sufficient maturity to distinguish right from wrong, and thus to render excessive innocence a means of betraying that virtue which it was destined to protect. Look at you hoary adulterer!—Hear him boast of a triumph which could only gratify his vanity!—His knees, as he paces, with slow and trembling steps, along the pavement of *Grosvenor Square*, have scarcely strength to support his withered frame!—Could any mother apprehend danger from leaving a beloved daughter in the same apartment with such an emaciated being?—Could she imagine that he would venture to discourse of love to an infant scarcely fifteen years of age?—*Love!* let us not thus profane the sacred word.

*Art*, or *fear*, must be exerted to accomplish the designs of such a monster. But, what must be the feelings of the parents, who find the peace and virtue of an only child, the *heiress of their immense wealth*, destroyed by such natural confidence, not in the honor, but in the *age and decrepitude* of a near relation!

Will such a man, after such conduct, be admitted into honorable and honest society!—Yes, if he be rich, powerful, or noble, for it is only the vices of the poor that are regarded with abhorrence.—The story of the diamond cross will now be generally believed, and the suspicions which were excited considerably strengthened.—The man who would rob an innocent lovely *infant* of her most valuable treasure, would not hesitate to despoil a maturer victim of his seductive arts, of a comparatively paltry bawble, perhaps with the view of applying it to the purposes of future Seductions. We hope and trust, that no such monster, as we have described, will escape the retribution which his enormities deserve; indeed, when the *rank* of the injured is equal or *superior* to that of the offender, there is every reason to believe that the vengeance of the laws will not be permitted to sleep.—At present it would not be prudent to say more, but in our next, we shall be enabled to explain ourselves fully, and without danger of incurring those inconveniences which might possibly result from an imprudent disclosure of certain facts now in our possession.—We pledge ourselves that our tale, however dreadful it may be to peruse, shall not contain a single falsehood, and we are confident that its relation will be productive of considerable benefit to society.

In the mean time we conjure our readers not to be too hasty in applying what we have already written, but to wait with patience for the next Number of the SATIRIST.



MR. WILLIAM HALLETT,  
THE PSEUDO MEMBER FOR BERKSHIRE,

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WHEN we first read the address of a few ignorant shopkeepers (who were probably paid for affixing their signatures) to Mr. William Hallett, and that gentleman's reply, we thought they would furnish an admirable subject for ridicule, and had actually sketched out the plan of a *political eclogue* in which he and Mr. Goodlake, another *conscientious* reformer, who also, as we understand, intends to offer himself for Berkshire, were to state their several pretensions to Dr. Valpy, the democratic pedagogue of Reading, whom we intended to have constituted the "*Palæmon*" of the contest; but, on reflection, we think these audacious attempts to impose on the ignorant part of the freeholders of Berks, deserve to be treated more gravely and with greater severity:—That we may not be accused of misrepresentation or want of candor, we will extract the documents to which we have alluded from the '*READING MERCURY*' of *February 3d*, 1812.

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" TO WILLIAM HALLETT, ESQ,

" SIR,

" The expected Dissolution of Parliament leads us to express our earnest wishes to have an active independent Representative in Parliament, for the County of Berks. We, as Independent Freeholders in the neighbourhood of your late residence, well knowing your integrity and abilities for the situation, are induced

by every sense of duty, to request the favor of you to gratify those wishes, by declaring yourself a Candidate without delay. In that case, you may be assured of the warm support of,

S I R,

Your very faithful and obedient Servants,

James White

F. Heath

J. Prince

Richard Perrott

Rd. Wells

John Lord

John Stephenson

Henry Tyler

Thomas Herbert

John Wicks.

*Faringdon,*

*December 1, 1811.*



*Denford, January 25, 1812.*

" GENTLEMEN,

" I received an intimation some time ago, that a tender of my services at the next election for the County of Berks, would be agreeable to my friends at Faringdon, and that they wished it—I replied, that I really had not the vanity to suppose I could succeed, and had no doubt there were others better qualified, could they be roused to come forward; besides, having no private views to gratify by being in Parliament, I had long resolved never to offer myself a Candidate either for the County or for any Borough in it, unless induced by the solicitation of respectable and Independent Voters.

Your letter, Gentlemen, was delivered to me last week at the Quarter Sessions at Reading, and its contents naturally led my mind to a reflection on the conduct I pursued during the twenty

years that I resided amongst you. It must be remembered by you all, *that I was particularly tenacious of my game, that I carried a measure which I know some of you greatly disapproved, and that in my capacity of a Magistrate and Commissioner of Taxes, my neighbours at times thought me rigid*; and having in no one instance courted popularity by an obsequious conduct towards any one, and being now too far removed to show you even common attention, I received the expression of your wishes and opinion of my integrity, with pride and satisfaction—such assurances from Men, whom I know to be Independent in property, and what is more, in mind, I esteem beyond any distinction that wealth could purchase or favour confer.

To be sent to Parliament by the voice of a free people, would be the highest gratification that I could receive; and the handsome call you have made upon me will induce me to comply with your wishes, and offer myself upon the Dissolution of Parliament. But as that event may be farther distant than is imagined, any public step taken by me, to ascertain the sense of the County, might excite a premature ferment, and occasion an unnecessary expence to the present Members—I therefore do not think it right to be the first person to make a public canvas before the proper period arrives. Men who would do their duty to their Country are often deterred from becoming Candidates by the enormous expences usually attendant upon Election Contests. It may answer the purpose of those who look forward to the favor of Ministers, and to a participation in the public expenditure, to incur such expences; but the Man who resolves upon every occasion to follow the dictates of his own conscience, and to accept neither Place nor Pension, takes upon himself a heavy public duty, and ought not to pay for it—I shall stand upon the latter ground—if I succeed I will do my duty; and will never accept either Place or Pension, or any Favor that shall add one shilling to the Taxes of the Country—and therefore I am desirous of being very explicit with you upon the subject of expences.—My fortunes, Gentlemen, were handed down to me by my grandfather, who at the beginning of the last century



restored by honest, and I may almost say, unprecedented efforts of industry, a family which his elder brother had reduced by extravagance—A little reflection here, and on the future welfare of my children, determines me, as I think it would every feeling Man, not to cramp my own independence, nor make any great sacrifices of a property acquired by hard labour in the pursuit of an object of ambition.—What Mr. Wilkes said of the Freeholders of Middlesex has general application, “that those who were really  
“disposed to support him, would ride upon *Broomsticks* to the  
“place of election; but that all the Carriages in the world  
“would not convey those who were adverse.”

My political sentiments have been often misrepresented; but you, Gentlemen, who know me best, know that I am only an Enemy to Peculation and Abuses—I revere the *British Constitution*, and look up to it as the Security for the great Stake I have in the Country, and *my efforts will always be directed to strengthen and support it*, and repair every inroad and incroachment upon the Rights and Liberties of the People.

In whatever way our endeavours may end, be assured, that no defeat in the pursuit of a Seat in Parliament can obliterate from my mind the agreeable sensations which the flattering expression of your opinion excited, and I shall reflect upon it with pleasure as long as I live.

Believe me to remain,

GENTLEMEN,

Your faithful Friend and Servant,

“WILLIAM HALLETT.”

To Messrs. White, &c. &c.

Faringdon, Berkshire.

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That Mr. Hallett should have been able to persuade even ten individuals to come forward in his behalf, and to talk of his “*integrity and abilities*,” must be matter of surprise to every one who is personally acquainted with that

gentleman, but it must be highly gratifying to the respectable electors of Berkshire, to find that all his exertions (and he and his agents have, we know, long been busily, though *secretly* employed, in canvassing the county), have only procured him *ten* supporters, and these *ten* persons of no consideration, and who from their situations in life, may fairly be suspected of having been influenced by those *arts*, which every true-bred reforming *patriot* well knows how to exert against the understandings of the ignorant.

Mr. Hallett commences his letter with an assertion which we are by no means disposed to contradict, for it is very natural that a man's "*friends*" should wish him to be put in a situation to serve them. We are equally ready to admit that there were and are others "*better qualified*" than himself, but we will neither admit nor believe that "he had long resolved never to offer himself a candidate either for the county or for any *borough in it*, unless induced by the solicitation of *respectable and independent voters*." We tell Mr Hallett that this assertion of his is false! We tell him and the freeholders whom he hopes to cajole, that *not long ago* he *did* intend to offer himself for the *Borough of Abingdon*—that he sent one of the most infamous characters that ever disgraced the pillory secretly to canvass that Borough in his behalf; and we defy him to show that any '*respectable*' voter "*solicited*" him on the occasion!—

Freeholders of Berkshire, ye who have so often heard Mr. Hallett rail about "*rights and liberty*"—about the oppression of magistrates and the *tyranny of commissioners of taxes*,\* and, if ye were not struck dumb with astonish-

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\* See various reports of Mr. H's speeches at public and county meetings, in the *Reading Mercury*.

ment at his unparalleled effrontery, what must have been your exclamations of indignation when you read under his own signature, the following d—n—g testimony of his conduct :

“ It must be remembered by you all that I was *particularly tenacious of my game*, that I carried a measure which I know some of you greatly disapproved, and that in my capacity of a magistrate and *commissioner of taxes* my *neighbours*, at times, *thought me rigid !!!*”

Here, gentlemen of Berkshire, are claims upon you!—Which of you will refuse your vote to this bellower for freedom who boasts of having restricted your liberties and amusements to the utmost of his power?—Which of you can doubt his anxiety to promote your interest and your wishes, after he has so modestly reminded you that he once exerted all his influence “ *to carry a measure which you greatly disapproved* ?—Who can be so likely to alleviate the pressure of your present burthens, and to protect you from “ *the insolence of tax gatherers*” as the man who confesses that he so exercised his authority as a commissioner, that his neighbours (some of *yourselves*) thought him *rigid* ?”

*Open your hearts*, gentlemen, and cast forth from your bosoms every feeling of indignation and resentment which ye may have hitherto harboured against this *practical enforcer of his own rights* and theoretical advocate of *yours*.

*Open your purses*, gentlemen, and liberally subscribe to support the pretensions of this sturdy enforcer of “ *measures which you greatly disapproved* ! *Open your mouths*, gentlemen and cry “ Hallett, the *rigid* commissioner of taxes, liberty and no taxes for ever !!! ”—

It is rather astonishing that the modern patriots, notwithstanding they all profess themselves most anxious to serve the public, should be so unwilling to pay for op-



portunities of gratifying their anxiety, and that they should, on the contrary, expect to be most liberally *paid* for their *disinterested* services. Mr. H——, good soul, would not for the world put his hand into the *public* purse, but, it seems, he has no objection *to dip it into the pockets of the Freeholders of Berkshire!*—He will accept of no *place* from Ministers, but he will condescend to solicit any dirty, ignorant wretch for his assistance to obtain one, which, he admits, would be “the highest gratification he could receive,” viz. a place in the British Senate.—For our parts, we candidly confess, that we should feel it more honourable to accept reward or place from a Prince or Minister, whom we had conscientiously served, than from an ignorant mob whom we had cajoled, and whose true interests it was never our intention to consider.

Mr. Hallett (judging from his own feelings) may suppose that motives of private resentment have occasioned the preceding observations, but we can assure him that his late prosecution occasioned us to feel more gratification than anger, for our object has ever been to convince the misguided part of our countrymen, that “the deep-mouthed champions of freedom” were, in their hearts, the worst of tyrants, and the “noisy advocates of the *licentiousness* of the press,” the bitterest enemies of its liberties, and our trial must have assured them of the fact.

Mr. H—— was among the foremost to patronise certain execrable public libellers, and to exclaim against criminal prosecutions, but the very moment we applied his principles to himself, he became the most virulent of criminal prosecutors. If, when he appears upon the hustings, he dares to utter one syllable about *the freedom of the press*, our trial, (not as it has been scandalously mutilated and misrepresented by himself or his

agents, evidently to do away its effect, but such, as it actually *was*,) shall be hurled in his teeth, to his sorrow and confusion.

Gracious Heaven! how can this man have the audacity to tell the Freeholders of Berkshire, that "he reveres the British Constitution," and that "his efforts will always be directed to strengthen and support his country and" (after having, in the same letter, acknowledged himself a relentless enforcer of the most tyrannical and oppressive of her laws), "to repair every inroad and encroachment on the Rights and Liberties of the People!!!" —Is it a sign of revering the Constitution to abet those who are everlastingly endeavouring to undermine and destroy it!—Can attempts to bring the rulers and defenders of our country into contempt and obloquy add to its strength, or contribute to its support?—Let every Freeholder of Berks, before he gives his vote, answer these plain questions, and let him also, (if he can) reconcile Mr. H——'s *professed* principles, with his *acknowledged* practice, as a Man, a Magistrate, and a Commissioner of Taxes!

He has kindly hinted to those electors who may be inclined to support him, that they "may ride upon *broomsticks* to the place of election," but we cannot refrain from expressing an opinion, that a *hurdle* would be found a more convenient and a more *appropriate* conveyance.

We cannot conclude without expressing an earnest wish that Mr. H——, when next he writes a public Address, will get some friend to correct his "*kakology*," for bad Grammar and bad English are really very unbecoming in any man who presumes to think himself qualified to represent a county, and are moreover calculated to bring into contempt the judgement of those friends who have talked about their knowledge of his *abilities*.

EPIGRAMS.

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*On the CANICIDE'S Canvassing the Electors of Berkshire,  
vulgo BARK-shire !*

The *Canicide's* right to solicit our votes,  
Whose conduct his aptitude marks;  
For since he has kindly cut all our *dog's* throats,  
We want *him* to represent BARKS.

Bow, wow wow !

*An Elector of BARK-shire,*

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*On the recent Loppings in Bushy Park.*

The public have lately been much in the dark  
Respecting the loppings in Bushy's famed Park ;  
The fact is, the servants, good souls,  
In hopes it their amorous master will please,  
Are felling the timber and topping the trees,  
To guard against future LONG POLES !

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*On Mr. HALLETT'S quoting by way of a hint to the Berkshire Freeholders, Wilkes's assertion, " that a man's FRIENDS  
" would ride to the place of Election on BROOMSTICKS".—  
(See HALLETT'S address in a former page of this number.)*

Billy thou surely would'st thy friends deride,  
By hinting that they may on *Broomsticks* ride;  
Dost thou forget, *dire foe to sons of bitches*,  
*Broomsticks* but carry *Conjurors* and witches ?  
And those who would support a man like thee,  
'Tis plain enough, no *Conjurors* can be. ]



*Occasioned by the author's hearing the action for slander between LEVY and SOLOMON, (TWO JEWS) tried at Guildhall, Feb. 24th inst—in which it was stated by Mr. Topping for the plaintiff, that his client was a MAN OF SPIRIT and could not suffer his character to be traduced by SUCH WORDS as had been applied to him by the Defendant.*

Between these two contending Jews

Small difference we can see,

For that appears a JEW *de mots*,

And this a JEW *d'esprit* !

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*On SIR F. BURDETT's so frequently standing ALONE in divisions of the House of Commons.*

Cease those *divisions* to deride.

In which Frank stood alone;

Patriots whenever they *divide*,

Take care of *number one*.

## REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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 FIAT JUSTITIA!
 

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*R—l Stripes, or a Kick from Yar—h to Wa—s, with the Particulars of an Expedition to Oatlands, and the Sprained Ankle, a Poem.—By P—— P——, Poet Laureat.—(Suppressed.)*

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We have, in another part of our present number, alluded to the suppression of this pamphlet—a pamphlet, if possible, more contemptible, and of as little *substance* as its *Ghost*, which we felt ourselves under the disagreeable necessity of noticing in our last. It would be superfluous to repeat our sentiments relative to the imprudent, though amiable, conduct of an illustrious personage's faithful friend and servant, who thought proper to pay a considerable sum to prevent the circulation of such execrable trash; but we must observe, that those who delight to gorge the offals of illustrious characters have great reason to thank him for its suppression, as, doubtless, many of them would have been induced to seize the tempting bait, which they would have found, to their disappointment, a mere hook, decorated with false allurements to catch hungry *gudgeons*. Our readers will not suspect *us* of any intention to injure the reputation of the present

truly illustrious head of the British Nation, (for such his Royal Highness the Prince Regent may now be justly denominated) and they will give us credit when we assert that our only object in extracting the *beauties* (and *beauties* they are, if the expression may be used comparatively where *all* is hideous and disgusting) of the pamphlet under consideration, is to prevent the public from harbouring an erroneous idea that a work which it was thought worth while to have suppressed, at a considerable expence, must have contained many important and "*cutting truths*," which cannot be the case, after they have perused the specimens which we have selected.

God forbid that the Prince Regent's popularity, which never was so great, so just, and so honorable, as it is at this proud moment of his life, should be diminished by any act of ours.—No; though we never have, and never will be the servile flatterers of a Prince's indiscretions; we shall always be found among the last to give publicity to that which we conscientiously believe will tend to degrade him permanently in the estimation of his countrymen, and among the foremost to protect him from the open or secret attacks of his malignant and extortionate enemies, whom we know are not to be silenced by bribes, but by detection and exposure.—This conduct on our part, it is true, (and *we feel* it most severely) is scarcely less *imprudent* than that of the honorable Colonel to whom we have before alluded; but our imprudence has this advantage over his; that it only injures *ourselves and our family*; whereas his must inevitably hurt the royal person whom it is intended to *benefit*.

Could we have reconciled it to our consciences, and to our feelings, to have pursued the opposite path to that which a sense of propriety and duty impelled us to take, how many expensive and ruinous law-suits should we



have escaped!—How many rich but infamous bribes should we have shared!—For the Machiavelian principle of rewarding enemies and neglecting friends was never so much adopted as it is at this moment.—Indeed the only exception to the general practice is to be found in the conduct of the factious and the seditious, who, to do them justice, are always ready to reward their servile instruments, and to persecute their unsupported opponents.

We shall now proceed to our selection of the *Beauties* of P. P——, alias *Peter Pindar*, jun. alias *Jeremiah Juvenal*, whose *real* name may perhaps be discovered, not in any particular one of these, but in the AGG-regate.

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“ When all were up in arms,  
And Frenchmen threaten'd to invade us,  
When officers did up and down parade us,  
To keep us safe and sound from harms.

When pert apprentices, God bless us!  
March'd forth as Volunteers like Ganders;  
And Citizens would oft address us,  
As dire invincible Commanders.

When ev'ry man his loyalty to show,  
Declar'd he'd meet the raging foe,  
And give his enemies a damper;  
And boldly march'd to field of battle,  
Where trumpets sound and cannons rattle,  
But never promised not to scamper.

A true-bred Briton, who was lame,  
With military ardor rose!  
To gain a sprig of honest fame,  
And not to dress himself, but dress his foes;

Stood forth—and said, he wish'd to fight,  
 That he might future laurels claim;  
 For battle was his chief delight,  
 But there was one objection, he was *lame* !”

We are told by high authority, that “the sound should be an echo to the *sense*.” Now, although we can discover very little *sense* in the lines of P—— P——, we must admit, that in the last quoted, the *sound* and the *sense* are equally *lame* !—But let us proceed with this formidable poem !

“ And now before the Palace gate,  
 Y—k’s pamper’d servants (powder’d) wait,  
 Dress’d in their liveries of state,  
 With faces of congratulation;  
 To usher to their Master’s sight,  
 And all his Lords and Ladies *bright*,  
 Britannia’s darling and delight,  
 The mighty R—g—t of the nation.

M‘M——n calls the chariot stop,  
 Each length’ning *jaw* with wonder drops,  
 To view the B——n’s whisker’d *chops*.

The P——e alights with great agility;  
 And bows with such an easy air,  
 That ev’ry Lord and Lady *fair*,\*  
 In one united voice declare,

P——e G——e a pattern of gentility.

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\* Ladies “ever *bright* and *fair*,”—an evident plagiarism !

Behold they bend their necks so pliant,  
 A simper makes a man a giant,  
 As big as those *which* live in fable ;\*  
 And while they compliment and flatter,  
 ————— They chatter,  
 Worse than the noisy tongues of Babel."

We then are told, in equally elegant metre, that the  
 dance commenced after dinner, in which

" One dances *all* so light and airy,  
 You'd think the damsel was a fairy,  
 While others follow the *contrary*,  
 And jump as heavy as postillions!"

Who does not admire the ingenious confusion of tenses and distortion of accent, exhibited in these four lines?—The *simile* of the *postillions* would also have been admirable, had it not unfortunately happenend, that those gentry are, in general, rather remarkable for their *lightness*, than their heaviness.

Perhaps the author's *good taste* is more transcendantly manifest in the description of, what he seems to think, a most *elegant petit souper*.

Now *turkies*, rabbits, *geese*, and widgeons,  
*Pigs*, plovers, partridges, and pidgeons,  
 Fat food for folks of all religions,  
 Smok'd on each Royal dish and platter."

We dare say, that *Pigs* and *Geese* were the identical

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\* A new discovery this, and worthy the *stupendous ingenuity* of  
 P—P— SAT.



light delicacies which P—— P—— and his *worthy publisher* ordered by way of a *jollification* supper, when they received the money which was imprudently paid for the suppression of the miserable pamphlet before us ; and it was therefore natural enough for him to conclude that they were *indispensible* at a royal supper table. We only wonder that he did not add a *Leg of Pork, Tripe,* and *Cow-heel* to his catalogue of *delicacies*.

We will now proceed to “ the very pith and marrow ” of this *Tale of Extortion*, or rather of this *Extortioner's Tale*.

“ But heavenly TRUTH demands my story ;

Know, reader, that Britannia's glory,

The R——t, with his star imperial,

Had long beheld a beauteous dame,

Whom prudence tells me not to name,

And faith her name is not material.

The P——e he kneel'd, the nymph consented,

And both, you'll find, in time repented,

For thus he plied the wond'ring fair ;

“ Sweet *maid* \*, permit a P——e to sip

The tempting honey of your lip,

And snatch your lover from despair.”

The extortioner then puts language into the lady's mouth, (whom he wishes to describe as a pattern of *elegance* and *modesty*) which is too coarse and disgusting to be admitted into our pages, and proceeds with the infamous tale of falsehood thus :—

“ The lady scream'd and made resistance,

And call'd the gods to her assistance :

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\* Meaning Lord Y———'s *Wife* .

Behold they bend their necks so pliant,  
 A simper makes a man a giant,  
 As big as those *which* live in fable ;\*  
 And while they compliment and flatter,  
 ————— They chatter,  
 Worse than the noisy tongues of Babel."

We then are told, in equally elegant metre, that the  
 dance commenced after dinner, in which

" One dances *all* so light and airy,  
 You'd think the damsel was a fairy,  
 While others follow the *contrary*,  
 And jump as heavy as postillions!"

Who does not admire the ingenious confusion of tenses and distortion of accent, exhibited in these four lines?—The *simile* of the *postillions* would also have been admirable, had it not unfortunately happenend, that those gentry are, in general, rather remarkable for their *lightness*, than their heaviness.

Perhaps the author's *good taste* is more transcendantly manifest in the description of, what he seems to think, a most *elegant petit soupè*.

Now *turkies*, rabbits, *geese*, and widgeons,  
*Pigs*, plovers, partridges, and pidgeons,  
 Fat food for folks of all religions,  
 Smok'd on each Royal dish and platter."

We dare say, that *Pigs* and *Geese* were the identical

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\* A new discovery this, and worthy the *stupendous ingenuity* of  
 P—P— SAT.

light delicacies which P—— P—— and his *worthy publisher* ordered by way of a *jollification* supper, when they received the money which was imprudently paid for the suppression of the miserable pamphlet before us ; and it was therefore natural enough for him to conclude that they were *indispensible* at a royal supper table. We only wonder that he did not add a *Leg of Pork, Tripe, and Cow-heel* to his catalogue of *delicacies*.

We will now proceed to “the very pith and marrow” of this *Tale of Extortion*, or rather of this *Extortioner's Tale*.

“But heavenly TRUTH demands my story ;

Know, reader, that Britannia's glory,

The R——t, with his star imperial,

Had long beheld a beauteous dame,

Whom prudence tells me not to name,

And faith her name is not material.

The P——e he kneel'd, the nymph consented,

And both, you'll find, in time repented,

For thus he plied the wond'ring fair ;

“Sweet *maid*\*, permit a P——e to sip

The tempting honey of your lip,

And snatch your lover from despair.”

The extortioner then puts language into the lady's mouth, (whom he wishes to describe as a pattern of *elegance* and *modesty*) which is too coarse and disgusting to be admitted into our pages, and proceeds with the infamous tale of falsehood thus :—

“The lady scream'd and made resistance,

And call'd the gods to her assistance :

---

\* Meaning Lord Y———'s *Wife*.\*



The P——e he kiss'd and press'd with fury, &c.

But heaven, who stands a friend to virtue,

Resolv'd the P——e should do no hurt to

A nymph who scorn'd the breath of *malice*;

So to preserve her honor clear,

Sent Y——th, *her guardian Peer*,

To treat with chastisement severe

The rude defiler of the *Palace*.

The pamphlet concludes, like *the Ghost of it*, (see our last number) with the villainous falsehood that Lord Y——th struck the P——e R——t for having taken improper liberties with Lady Y——th, who, it is notorious, as we have before observed, has been for many years in France, where she still remains; and it is equally notorious, that his Lordship and H. R. H. are still in the habits of daily and friendly intercourse.

Such and so infamous is the pamphlet which it has been thought necessary to suppress, and which certainly ought to have been suppressed, though not by a bribe from Colonel M'M——, but by a prosecution from the Attorney General.

*The Dramatic Censor, by J. M. Williams, LL. D. commonly called Anthony Pasquin.*

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If Mr. Williams and his work had been less contemptible in our eyes than they are, it is probable that, before this, they would have received a little wholesome chastisement at our hands. Feeling, however, as we did, it was not till a something strikingly preposterous, and out of the common track of dullness and cupidity, (in which he has generally moved) was announced, that we could prevail upon ourselves to waste an hour on the trash which he has recently thrust upon the town.

That which attracted our notice was an advertisement of the sixth number of his periodical work, which announced the publication of an index, accompanied by a dedication to Robert Coates, Esq. commonly called Cock-a-doodle, and adorned "with a fine PORTRAIT of the **AUTHOR**, by the incomparable **BARTOLOZZI**."

We can hardly determine which we were more curious to see, the dedication to Robert Coates, Esq. commonly called Cock-a-doodle, or the portrait of the **AUTHOR**, "J. M. Williams, LL. D. commonly called Anthony Pasquin, Esq." The former we were satisfied would be something extraordinary; the latter, we had no doubt, would be such a thing as is not often seen; and we could not help laughing at the idea of what "the incomparable Bartolozzi" must have felt while employed in copying the beauties of that "angel face," which Williams has yet the modesty to exhibit in public.

The interest which we took in this subject was so great, that we could hardly help proposing that the beau-

tiful lines, which he (Williams) formerly applied to Bad-dely in his *beautiful* poem yclept "*The Children of Thes-pis*," should be engraved under the portrait. These we thought might be the more appropriate, as *Anthony Pasquin, Esq.* characterizes the actor whose name we have mentioned, as one who

"Dams that strong prejudice rais'd against dirt,

"Which forces a man to put on a clean shirt."

The opening lines we thought would, at all events, be very suitable, if the name were but changed, to read as follows:—

"With crab-apple phiz and a brow that's disdainful,

"See *Anthony* smile with fatigue that is painful;

"From his dissonant voice, and the form of each feature,

"You'd swear him the favorite child of ill-nature."

Upon farther reflection the lines are less applicable to the picture than we at first thought them to be, as the dissonant *voice* is not there to be *seen*; we will therefore only recommend them as fit to be pinned on the original.

The respect which Anthony has for "the good old times" is sufficiently apparent, from the reverential attachment he is every where anxious to evince to those venerable personages "*Hath*" and "*Doth*." This is unquestionably intended to prove how anxious he is to maintain the ancient purity of the English language. Who does not admire the inflexibility with which he persists in opposing vulgar innovation! and while he is seen fearlessly applying the lash, to punish "clippers of nouns, and coiners of base orthography," who can help preparing himself to admire the chaste style of the classic Anthony?—Of that style we shall presently offer a few precious specimens, but in the mean time we must not forget the dedication. This we are happy to be able to



present to our readers entire ; and we think we should hardly do justice to a " candid and discerning public," if we were to suffer it to be preceded by any comments of our own. Without making any preface, then, we shall here give it as we find it.

*" To Robert Coates, Esq.*

SIR,

As you are a distinguished *Amateur* of the Drama, and a PRIMARY Volunteer in the service of the Muses, I beg permission to inscribe the following annual Volume, or Dramatic Register, to your protection ; and I feel emboldened to say, that it is as *honest* an exposition of the present state of our Theatres, as ever was *permitted* to be published in this Metropolis, by the agents of a mis-used authority.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your very obliged Servant,

Feb. 1st. 1812.

J. M. WILLIAMS."

This dedication, though perhaps it may be laughed at by some, and not entirely understood by others, has still considerable claims to public approbation. In the first place, it must be admitted that nothing can be more fitting than that the work of such a critic as J. M. Williams, LL. D. commonly called Anthony Pasquin, Esq. should be dedicated to such an actor as Robert Coates, Esq. commonly called Cock-a-doodle. Who can doubt Anthony's taste and judgment in the one instance, or his disinterestedness and integrity in the other, when, after writing for a whole year on the beauties and defects of the London actors, he at last dedicates his work to so

"distinguished an amateur," as Mr. Cock-a-doodle Coates? It is almost as admirable as if remarks on the good effects of *Sobriety* were to be dedicated to Mr. Sheridan, or an *Essay on Hemp* to Thomas Ashe, Esq. author of the *Spirit of the Book*.

The manner in which the dedication is composed is certainly very ingenious, as it is not easy to determine whether it was written to jeer or to compliment Mr. Coates. Anthony wishes the public to believe the former, while, in all probability, he has led Mr. Coates to entertain an opinion that it was only his intention to do the latter. Pasquin subscribes himself the "*obliged servant*" of Mr. Coates, and such we believed him to be; but as Mr. Coates, it is to be presumed, paid for his dedication, we may perhaps be allowed to say, that he might have expected Mr. Williams to profess a something like respect for him. Cock-a-doodle seems in this to have been rather hardly used. Williams might have afforded him *respect*, if it had been only in gratitude for his exhibiting himself in the Haymarket. Perhaps he forgot it in the hurry of writing. We suggest this, as an excuse for the omission, to prevent any difference arising between the friends, as we should be very sorry to hear they were parted; for

"Sure a pair were never seen

"So justly form'd to meet by nature."

It may now be proper to offer an extract from the Censor, and we think we cannot do better than give the account of the last *exhibition of Mr. Coates*. This may be particularly interesting after the above remarks, and the letter of Cock-a-doodle is a great curiosity in itself, as it is hardly less ridiculous than that of Sir R—— P—— on the mistakes of Mr. Trotter. In justice to

Anthony, it ought to be observed, that he is understood to have had a share in it.

“On this evening there was a prominent event that occurred in the theatrical world.—Mr. COATES appeared, for the first time, in the arduous character, of the gallant, gay *Lothario*, at the Haymarket Theatre, for the benefit of a *Lady*, and no circumstance hath produced such an irregular movement in the fashionable world, since the appearance of SIR FRANCIS BLAKE DELEVAL, in the part of *Othello*, in Mr. GARRICK's time.

On this occasion there was much tumult and shouting, and rudeness exercised by the rougher part of the audience, many of whom, evidently, came there for the purpose of exciting a riot, and annoying Mr. COATES! But the treason was not confined to the insurgents of the Pit and Galleries, for they had their adherents behind the scenes, who acted in unison with them, although, as I understand, they had *strongly solicited* to be of the *Dramatis Personæ*, probably to give more force to their perfidy!

There was the greatest concourse of persons who laboured to get into the Theatre on this memorable night that has been known for many years. It was supposed that upwards of one thousand individuals were turned from the Box entrance without the possibility of being admitted. Five pounds and *lesser* sums were repeatedly offered at the Stage Door for a single admission behind the Scenes. Ladies and Gentlemen of distinction were mingled with the occupants of the first and second Galleries!

Among the brilliant company in the boxes, we perceived the Duke of Brunswick, the Duke of Devonshire,



the Portuguese Ambassador, the Earl of Kinnoul and family, Lord Castlereagh, the Baron de Gerambe, Sir Godfrey Webster, Sir C. Coote and family, Mrs. Fonblanque and family, Mr. Marsh and family, the Misses Fitzgerald, Mr. Mellish and Signora Angiolini, Mr. Neave and family, Mr. Sankey and family, Mr. Platt and family, Mr. Rolis and family, Major Batty and family, Mr. Reddall and family, Mr. D. O'Brien and family, Mr. Barber and family, Mrs. Newton and family, Mr. Leake and family, Captain Wybourn, Mrs. Stanley, Mr. Charles Lake, Mr. Banks, Mr. Hamlet, Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Harvey, Mr. Stapleton, Mr. Holman, Mrs. Walker, Mr. Kenny, Mr. Clifton, Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Philpotts, Mr. Clifton, Mr. Jacks, Mr. Gautier, Mr. Middleton, Mr. Richards, Mr. Downer, Mr. Royds, Mr. Lyell, &c. &c. \*

As it is not possible to fix the standard of general taste, it may not surprise our readers to understand that some of the Critics were unusually severe upon such a performance; and as Mr. COATES deemed himself uncandidly treated, he published the following Letter.

*To the EDITOR of the MORNING HERALD.*

SIR,—Various gross misrepresentations having appeared relative to my late performance of *Lothario* at the Haymarket Theatre, I beg leave to offer a refutation of them through the medium of your valuable and fashionable Paper.

It has been asserted, that when I addressed the audience I said, "that because I acted from a motive of benevolence, I ought to be applauded;" but the truth is, that I merely said,

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\* Who, in the name of all that is funny, are the majority of these *Brilliant*s?—E.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, it is a very unusual thing for a Gentleman, placid in my situation in life, to appear before you on a public stage; but allow me to observe, that every person that pays their money has a right to enter a Theatre, but when they come into that Theatre with an avowed determination to disturb the public peace, every well-disposed auditor ought to set his face against such base conduct. If it is the wish of the Nobility and Gentry that the Play should be concluded, and those noisy people will leave the Theatre and have their money returned, I will undertake to make up the deficiency to the widow. And permit me likewise to say, that I hope soon to gratify my feelings, by playing at the King's Theatre for the relief of the widows and orphans of our brave countrymen; and also of our Allies, who have so nobly shed their blood in the common cause."

That there was a conspiracy formed previous to the night's representation, for the shameful purpose of creating a tumult in the theatre, at all events, can scarcely be doubted by any who were present at that outrage. It appeared that there were about 30 or 40 fellows placed in the pit and galleries, who were determined to keep up one continued roar, and annoy the dignified and sober part of the audience by clamour and insolence; for the acting of Miss Sydney, or Mr. Scriven, was not more applauded than my own feeble endeavours to please, though neither of them would disgrace their profession at either of the Theatres: that comparative species of delicacy which is observed towards females, even by savages, was wholly disdained and disregarded by these rioters! Every thing upon the stage, on that occasion, was to be particularly reprobated, although the efforts to entertain (even were they ineffectual) were exerted in the cause of

benevolence, to which none need have subscribed who were averse to such virtuous purposes.

It is evident, from the trial of Macklin *versus* Leigh, and others, that the law of the land does not authorize such wanton measures. The situation of an actor would be truly miserable, if it were in the power of a band of tipsy wretches to issue from a tavern or *cabaret*, and drive a good man from his lawful occupation, whenever their hatred or caprice might urge them to be inimical or unjust.

In regard to the innumerable attacks that have been made upon my lineaments and person in the public prints, I have only to observe, that as I was fashioned by the Creator, independent of my will, I cannot be responsible for that result which I could not controul. If the Gentlemen who amuse themselves in this *noble* way can derive either pleasure or profit from the indulgence of such a spirit, I will never descend to molest them in the furtherance of such desires. I regard the liberty of the press as the key-stone of that arch upon which our glorious constitution reposes in security; and I will not, lightly, question the extent of that liberty, because envy, or folly, or even a viler passion, may stimulate a blockhead to violate the purity of such a privilege. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

ROBERT COATES."

No. 32, Craven-street, Strand,

Dec. 11, 1811.

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We have given this extract in order to show what credit is due to the historical merit of this "*as honest an exposition*, as ever was permitted to be published." From



reading this it should appear, not that Mr. Coates surprised the audience by showing them to what a height human folly could be carried, but that the aforesaid Mr. Coates, a very respectable actor, was very severely treated by a number of persons who went to the theatre with a fixed determination to condemn, whatever might be the merits of the performance. In justice to the audience of that night, we must here observe, that this was by no means the case. Contemptible as the greater part of the performers were, there were some exceptions, and to these the audience were liberal of their plaudits, till the absurdities of Mr. Coates and the ridiculous *Altamont* marred the performance so far, that to attend seriously to any part of the play was impossible. The guarded manner in which Anthony speaks while giving the history of this "prominent event," is very commendable, though certainly he might have treated his readers with a little more information on the subject than he has thought proper to offer. He might, for instance, have told them for *whose benefit* Mr. Coates was exhibited, and also that he (Anthony) was *behind the scenes*; and surely such a piece of information, respecting a personage of such vast importance as himself, could not have been other than highly interesting to those who are ardent enough in the pursuit of knowledge to seek it in the Dramatic Censor. Stating this too, he might have released himself from the necessity of using the awkward phrase "as I understand;" but it is obvious he was kept from stepping forward in this instance, by that same *modesty*, which caused the name of the Widow Fairbur to appear on the bills of the Haymarket theatre, when the benefit was known to be for J. M. Williams, LL. D. (and A. S. S.) commonly called Anthony Pasquin Esq.!!!

It is ludicrous enough to read the pompous professions of integrity which are crammed into this miserable catch-penny pamphlet. It professes "to comprise a *faithful* history of every prominent theatrical event." "Our argument and analysis," it is stated, "shall be so direct, that even those who may shrink *at* our opinion shall respect *our justice*," and "to support this *novel* but necessary effort, every friend to the GLORY and INDEPENDENCE of the British drama is requested to step forward."

But what amused us most of all, at the first glance, was, the great anxiety of Anthony to make the drama subservient to the cause of *morality*. This really appeared to us a most exquisite joke; but if it was not meant to be such, and if he really wishes to serve the cause of *morality in England*, we would advise him to make another voyage to *America*. His *morality* would perhaps tend to reclaim the degenerate Yankies, not less than the *sobriety* of Mr. Cooke.

We have given this subject quite space enough already, but we must, in justice to the *purity* of Anthony's English, select a few passages as a specimen of his style. The first part of an article under the head of "Answers to Correspondents," is entitled to particular attention.

"We have been favored with ANGLO-GALLICO's letter, through the medium of our Bookseller, relative to LUCIEN BONAPARTE's Poem of Charlemagne; and in answer to his query, as to which of the following gentlemen is the more efficient person to translate it, Messrs. MOORE, SCOTT, or CAMPBELL, we reply, that we doubt much if either of them are capable of such an undertaking; even if the two latter Bardlings had mental fire enough to convey the sense of a spirited original in any language."

Now, without supposing any one to be fool enough to care a rush what Anthony Pasquin may think on this subject, his answer—"as to which of the following gentlemen is the *more* efficient person to translate it, Messrs. Moore, Scott, or Campbell," is entitled to some notice as a curiosity. Here we see a noble contempt for grammar, well suiting the genius of the immortal Anthony.—His superior *command of language* is in this place very obvious, as he can use the word *more* in *comparison* with *three*; while inferior writers can only make it serve their purpose with *two*. He goes on, "we reply, that we doubt much if *either* of them *are* capable," &c. It will be seen that in the word *either* he has the same advantage over others, that he has in the word *more*. He can speak of the *more efficient of three*, and of *either Messrs. Moore, Scott, or Campbell*, and yet more, he can use a *plural*, when those who are not so anxious to uphold the English language in all its ancient purity, would only venture on a *singular* auxiliary. He can doubt if *either are* capable, and could *Mrs. Malaprop* herself do more?

To give a still clearer idea of his taste for, and knowledge of English, we will here present our readers with part of an extract from the *Kembliad MS.* which, of course, was inserted only on account of *its beauty*, as we do not *pretend* to know it to be his own writing.

"O Folly! *thou* who *hailed* me in the womb,  
Fed my young years, and *lead'st* me to the tomb;  
Who *scatters* gewgaws from thy ample hand,  
Who *fattens* all the thoughtless of the land;  
Who *shuts* the beam of reason from the mind,  
Who *heats* the prejudice that damns mankind." &c.

Here our readers must be in raptures, and we almost expect them to apostrophise this friend to English, in



his own words, (we mean in the words of the poem)—

“ O thou ! who scatters, fattens, shuts, heats,  
Turn from the ill thou’rt doing and hast done.”

Though we are admirers of Dr. Johnson, we do not feel hurt at his being called a *cart horse* moralist, by a *Jack ass* critic, like Anthony Pasquin when he asks “ in what classic recess could he have *penetrated*,” &c.

One more piece of *English* and we have done. Speaking of Mr. Huntley the sage observes “ It *was* evident that he *hath* studied in the school of Mr. Elliston” ! Whatever school Mr. Huntley may have studied in, we really cannot take upon ourselves to say in what school Anthony *hath* studied, or whether he *hath* ever studied in *any*. We will only say, that wherever it was he gained his knowledge of English, as he and Mr. Coates seemed designed for each other, we would advise him to confine himself to writing addresses for Mr. Coates to speak. We can hardly contain our transports at the thought,—but alas ! we have no room to express them, and we can only say

“ *Blest pair whose union future bards shall tell,*  
farewell.”

## THEATRES.

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*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumit honesti.*

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## COVENT GARDEN.

AN operatical Drama has been produced at Covent-Garden Theatre, under the title of "The Virgin of the Sun." The critics, on this occasion, appear to have been extremely well satisfied with the scenery, machinery, &c. and, in the height of their good-humour, they have bestowed on it more than ordinary praise. It has been repeatedly pronounced to be the best play which this season has produced. We are by no means disposed to enter into a controversy on this subject, and therefore we will take it for granted, that it is so; but we cannot, however, refrain from observing, by the way, that admitting this to be the fact, "Bad is the best."

We are tired of complaining that the pieces produced at our national theatre, are dull, insipid, and disgusting, and in proportion, as we deplore the evil, we feel exasperated against those, with whom it originates. It is impossible not to look upon the managers, as those who are the cause of its existing to its present extent. We cannot believe that the pieces brought forward for the entertainment of the public, are the best which they are enabled to produce. We are confident that those acted, are not the best that could be selected from the number of pieces which are annually presented. This it may

be observed, is rather extraordinary, as to select the best is obviously the interest of the managers. Such we admit to be the fact, but, admitting it, we must take the liberty to ask, if it be a very uncommon thing to see persons neglect their own interest? We are not prepared to contend that the conduct of managers is one jot more politic, than it is honorable. We see in the streets many a sot getting drunk who ought to be minding his business, and a manager may be, at times, seen dozing over his wine, when he ought to be looking into the affairs of his concerns. No man acquainted with the present system of theatrical management will, we think, have the hardihood to assert, that what we have advanced, is not founded in fact. No man will dare to say, that of the pieces presented, the best are usually selected for representation, when it is notorious, that by far the greater number of those returned to their authors, with the solemn assurance, that the managers having perused them with *great attention*, sincerely regret the necessity they are under, of giving it, *as their opinion*, that the plays in question *would not succeed* in representation, HAVE NEVER BEEN READ AT ALL.

But though it is extremely difficult for an author, without interest, to get a play on the stage, (be its merits what it may), we are ready to acknowledge, that some writers of the present day, whose pieces had no recommendation but their wit, have had the satisfaction of seeing them *partly* brought forward. Though it has not been thought proper to accept them, when offered, still, from a laudable anxiety to improve, and gratify the public, some of the great men have not disdained to employ certain literary understrappers in their service, to *gut* (if we may use the technical expression) *one or more* pieces, which thus came into their hands;—that is, to



steal their best scenes, and bring them forward in another form. We may possibly give *an instance or two* of this in a future Satirist.

At present, however, we must observe, that notwithstanding this *indulgence* has been, in some instances, afforded to friendless genius, we think it is high time, that a change were made in the system, and as that great reformer, Mr. W——d, has condescended to take some cognisance of theatrical affairs, it may perhaps be hoped, as he is not likely, *very soon*, to be encumbered with the cares of office, that he will not think it beneath him to attempt bringing about a *reform* in the drama, though it is more than probable such a motion would not be seconded by his Right Hon. Drury-Lane friend.

“The Virgin of the Sun,” is a sort of dramatic mule, produced between “the Incas,” of Marmontel, and Kotzebue’s “Death of Rolla.” Certain parts of these have been tacked together by Mr. Reynolds, and thrown into something like the form of a play. The decorations are singularly splendid, and the piece throughout has been got up in a style of unprecedented magnificence. That *footman of the muses*, Mr. Reynolds, thus comes forward (as it were), attired in a new *Covent Garden livery*, and makes about as dignified, easy, and respectable an appearance, as a bumpkin just taken from the plough-tail, exhibits behind a carriage, in a gold laced coat.

*Rolla* is here as great a hero as in Pizarro. He saves the lives of the whole of the dramatis personæ, and succeeds in getting a law abolished by which *Cora* and *Alonzo* were doomed to die. *Las Casas* is introduced, overflowing with benevolence. This character is most absurdly drawn in every respect; he appears a miserable

croaking old fool, destitute of firmness and of dignity, and is preposterously brought forward as one of the priests of the Sun. The part of *Alonzo* has in it nothing to excite interest, and, in a word, with the exception of *Rolla* and *Cora*, the play contains no characters fit to be put into the hands of tolerable performers.

"The Virgin of the Sun," is very uninteresting in its progress. The incidents are few, and not at all striking; and the situations, generally speaking, have but little effect. One exception, however, may be made in favour of the scene in which an earthquake is represented: this, in itself, is really a prodigy, and the fervent and reiterated plaudits, which it called forth, must have been very gratifying to the feelings of Mr. Reypolds, though they were no more intended for him than for the Elephant.

We must not forget to notice the songs in particular. In *their way*, they exceed almost every thing we have ever seen. It will be impossible to do justice to this part of our subject without giving a specimen; we therefore subjoin one of the best in the play.

#### SONG.

##### *Amazili.*

The Maid of the Mountain high bounding,  
No voice through the valley was sounding,  
When the moon-beam light  
Shone awfully bright,  
On warriors, a captive surrounding;  
Though to the rock chain'd,  
Still ne'er he complain'd,

Nor death, nor base foemen he fear'd;  
 Yet, while his guard slept,  
 The poor captive wept,  
 And the *Maid of the Mountain* appear'd.

## II.

The sun more than ever adoring,  
 The fate of the stranger deploring,  
 Her eye glancing round,  
 His chain she unbound,  
 To freedom the captive restoring.

The warriors slept on,  
 Their victim was gone,—  
 And gratitude lasting he swore;  
 Then cried from his heart.

“No more will I part,  
 “From the *Maid of the Mountain* no more!”

As we do not often meet with a song possessing such peculiar claims to attention, it may be worth while to take particular notice of it. To hunt for the sense of modern poetry, is, generally speaking, not a very profitable pursuit; it is something like “seeking two grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff;” but the chace, however insignificant its object, may afford some amusement. This extraordinary production, it has been seen, commences with—

“The *Maid of the Mountain* *high bounding*.”

Now, perhaps, the gratuitous piece of information which this line gives us, ought to satisfy moderate people; but, alas! it is natural, that the many, to whom an “inch is given, should desire an ell.” Of this we



cannot doubt but Mr. Reynolds is perfectly aware, and therefore, perhaps, he will not be much hurt to find, that instead of being content with the information, which he, in the plenitude of his good nature, has thought proper to give; we cannot help wishing to hear, *why* the maid of the mountain was "*high-bounding*." We could also wish to put the question, *How* was "the maid of the mountain *high-bounding*?" As an answer to our first interrogatory, we may perhaps suppose, or indeed, take it for granted, that she was "*high-bounding*" for *fun*. This answer (for which we feel much obliged to ourselves), is certainly very satisfactory, and we now proceed to our second question, *How* was she *high bounding*? Was she skipping, or playing at "*hop scotch*," by herself; or dancing, or playing at leap-frog, with the *bachelor of the mountain*. Was she engaged in any of these amusements, or was she merely going through the kangaroo exercise, for the purpose of showing her agility, and exhibiting her legs?—This question we cannot answer ourselves as we did the former.

In the second line we are told

"No voice through the valley was sounding."

This at first sight may not appear either a very interesting or a very extraordinary circumstance; but upon examination we think it will be found of quite as much importance to be informed that no voice was sounding, as that the maid was bounding.

"When the moon beam light

Shone awfully bright

On warriors a captive surrounding."

Now there are several remarkable things necessary to be attended to, in order to feel all the beauty of these lines. Not only was the Maid of the Mountain *high bounding*, not only was there *no voice* in the valley *sounding*, but at this interesting moment the moon beam *light* shone bright. What a knowledge the author has of nature! He knows that the moon beam, which shines awfully *bright*, is not *dark*, but *light*!!

“ Though to the rock chain’d,  
Still ne’er he complain’d,  
Nor death nor base foemen he fear’d.”

Here we naturally pause to admire the intrepid conduct of this heroic captive, and imagine we see him snapping his fingers at Death, and laughing “base foemen” to scorn.

“ Yet while the guard slept,  
The poor captive wept,  
And the Maid of the Mountain appear’d.”

What additional interest is here given to the character of the captive! Those who admired his conduct for *never complaining*, and for being superior to the fear of death, &c. must be charmed with the magnanimity he evinces in taking the opportunity of his guard’s sleeping to indulge himself in a comfortable *snivel*; and how finely is the climax worked up when after telling us the poor captive *wept*, it is added.

“ And the Maid of the Mountain appear’d.”

From the manner in which this fact is communicated it is obvious that she did not appear before, and this per-

haps may be very naturally accounted for by the supposition that while bounding, as mentioned in the first line of the song, she contrived to bound so *high*, as to get quite out of sight.

We now proceed to the examination of the second verse. This commences with—

“The Sun more than ever adoring.”

Here we confess we are rather at a loss to guess the meaning of our author, as the beautiful line just quoted does not appear connected with any other. Are we to understand that the Sun itself was more than ever adoring?—Oh! perhaps it is meant to have a reference to the last line of the first verse, though in this conjecture we are by no means borne out by the punctuation. This however must have been the poet's meaning, (if he had any) and we therefore conclude, that the Maid of the Mountain appeared adoring *the sun more than ever*, when *the moon shone* awfully bright, and this seems to *throw some light* on the first part of the song. The cause of the maid of the mountain's *high bounding*, it may now be rationally concluded had something more in it than we suspected. We no longer suppose that she was high bounding merely *for fun*, as it seems probable she was jumping up to catch a glimpse of the sun (which she was more than ever adoring) while taking his *nap* in the western ocean. The last rays of the sun we all know rest on the mountain's summit after the valleys are wrapped in darkness, for who has not read

“As some tall tower or lofty mountain's brow  
Detains the Sun illustrious,” &c.

and therefore it may be fair to conjecture that notwith-



standing it was *night*, the maid of the mountain, by dint of *high bounding* could see something of the glorious orb of day. Whether this be admitted or not, that the line refers to the adoration of the maid of the mountain is clear from the succeeding lines.

“ The fate of the Stranger deploring,  
Her eye glancing round  
His chain she unbound.”

Mr. Reynolds is too great a man to “ *creep* servilely after sense,” or perhaps he would have given us something more intelligible. Any thing like connection, it is obvious he disclaims as *unpoetical*. Had he wished to speak “ plump to the purpose,” it cannot be doubted but instead of commencing his second verse with the two lines about *adoring* and *deploring*, he would perhaps have treated us with

“ The guard of the pris’ner was *snoring*,  
The hero was lustily *roaring*,” &c.

He, however, thought it better not to keep too close to his subject, and we will not *question* his judgment. The line about the maid’s eye “ *glancing round*,” boasts uncommon merit, as it gives us to understand that it rolled about “ like the bull’s eye in Cox’s Museum.” That which follows, places the barbarity of the warriors in a very strong point of view, as thence we learn, that they carried their cruelty so far as not merely to bind their captive, but also to bind his chain, as is clear from its being *unbound* by the Maid of the Mountain. What it was bound with, we have no clue to discover, but it is not unlikely, that, if the measure would have admitted of it, Mr. Reynolds would, to the information he has given on the subject, have added that it was with a penny-

worth of packthread bought at one of the Peruvian  
chandler-shops.

"The warriors slept on,  
Their *victim* was gone."

The solemnity with which we are here informed that the soldiers slept on, though their *victim* (who had escaped *unhurt*) was gone, has a very pleasing effect, though, if we were disposed to quarrel about trifles, we should feel inclined to charge the author with a plagiarism on the old Irish advertisement, which ran as follows:—"Stolen, out of a gentleman's breeches pocket, an empty bag, with a Cheshire cheese in it. The person who lost it, never *missed it* till it was gone."

"And gratitude lasting he swore,  
Then cried from *his* heart,  
No more will I part  
From the Maid of the Mountain *no more.*"

Mr. Reynolds, it will here be observed, was writing in the third person till he came to the last lines. Here, however, he appears to have made a pause, not for a rhyme to conclude with, as to the word "swore," the rhyming dictionary presents at once "bore," "door," "roar," "wh—e," &c. besides the happy adverb of which he had just made choice, but he paused to consider how he had best conclude what he had so successfully begun. The feelings of the audience, he naturally concluded, would be very strongly worked upon by the former part of his song, and he thought it would be inhuman, after making their mouths water for something delicious, only to tickle them with a feather.—With such

a feeling, we presume, anxious to give them the "real thing," he made an effort extraordinary for their gratification, and at once bounced from the third person to the first, with the beautiful exclamation of

"No more will I part  
From the Maid of the Mountain *no more*."

Which was as good as saying "I won't *never* again part with the Maid of the Mountain *no more*, not on *no* account. If this will not satisfy the admirers of Mr. Reynolds's poetry, we know not what will.

Of the music we cannot speak in terms of unqualified praise. There are parts, however, which are entitled to great commendation, and, if nobody concerned in this performance was less entitled to applause than the composer, (Mr. H. R. Bishop) the Virgin of the Sun might well be expected to become a permanent favorite. As it is, though enlivened with some very good acting on the part of Mr. Young and on that of Miss Smith, we cannot think it likely to keep the stage much more than the usual number of nights, though, certainly as a whole, it is less offensive than many of the pieces it has lately been our duty to notice and to censure.

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A magnificent trifle was brought out on Tuesday the 25th, as a musical farce, entitled "Frost and Thaw," from the pen of Mr. Holman, the music by Mr. T. Cooke, of Dublin.

This piece has nothing in it that can make it a favourite. In some parts the music is pleasing, but it can only boast sweetness and simplicity, and has nothing remarkably striking. The plot is singularly flimsy; the dialogue is very indifferent; and the characters commonplace, and deficient in spirit. The parts intended to



comic, are, an amorous old man, fond of locking up his ward, and of making love to her maid, who, of course, conspires with her mistress to make a fool of her master; a saucy valet, who has a great partiality for eating, and a drunken porter, who is remarkably well disposed towards drinking. A sort of bastard coxcomb, who has nothing to say, and nothing to do, is also ushered in, as a comic character; but though Liston did all he could for it, after the first display of his countenance, he found it impossible to extort a laugh.

Considerable opposition was given towards the close of the second act. A tedious quintetto put the audience out of temper, and much tumult prevailed, when the farce was announced for a second representation: as usual, the name had very little to do with the piece. We heard something about *thawing* a lady's *frozen* heart; but after all, the title of "Frost and Thaw," seemed to us, to apply so little to the farce, that we could not help thinking it might, with quite as much propriety, have been called "*Milk and Water!*"

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### LYCEUM.

Nothing new has, as yet, been produced at this theatre since our last. A new play is announced, and expected to make its appearance about the time this Number is published.

## COMPARATIVE CRITICISM\*.

*Non nostrum inter vos TANTAS componere lites!*

VIRGIL.

*Who shall decide when DOCTORS disagree?*

POPE.

1. An Introduction to Physiological and Systematical Botany; by James Edward Smith, M. D., F. R. S., &c.†

"Fifteen *well engraved plates* illustrate the author's verbal remarks: the *whole work* is such as might be expected from the *talents and experience* of the author."—"The arrangement throughout the work is, we think, *extremely good*."—Antijacobin Review (Dec. 1808, and June 1811).

"The technical definitions are illustrated by 214 *excellent figures*, engraved purposely for the work in fifteen copper-plates."—Annual Review.

"We wish we could praise the execution of the *plates* annexed to this volume; but whoever has been conversant with their originals, will think them *deficient in character* and *masterly touch*."—Literary Panorama.

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\* Errors in last month's article. Page 132, note, line 1, "Celebrity" for "Celerity:"—line 6, "forlty" for "forty," and "forty-five" for "fifty-five." Page 134, line 4, "Valckender" for "Valckenaer." Page 137, note, line 1, "Electric" for "Eclectic." Page 139, line 9, "usually" for "unworthy."

† Some of the following extracts are made from criticisms on the first editions; and some, on the second: but the Monthly Review says, "We have compared the first and second editions together, and find scarcely any difference, except the addition of some references and a few notes, and the corrections of a few errata, in the latter."

"No doubt, Dr. Smith has rendered an essential service to the English botanist, by presenting him with an original treatise on the elementary principles of that science; and though it is *not altogether such as we should have expected* from an author so well qualified for the task," &c. Fifteen *plates*, well drawn, and in general *well engraved*, accompany the work."—Monthly Review.

"The *plates* are among the *best we have seen* attached to any elementary book. We do not much admire the general *arrangement* adopted by Dr. Smith."—Edinburgh Review.

2. Tales of Fashionable Life, by Miss Edgeworth.

"The design and contents of these *amusing volumes*," &c.—Critical Review.

"These tales are in general written with *much animation*, and *spirit*; the style is flowing and original; they are *amusing and laughable*."—Antijacobin Review.

"These tales may *all* be considered as *very highly entertaining*."—British Critic.

"There is a *painful and humble pathos* in some parts of the tale of '*the Dun*,' upon which we have not spirits to enter."—Edinburgh Review.

"*The Dun* exhibits *nothing* in incident or in sentiment *beyond* a well told tale in a magazine. Miss Edgeworth is *ludicrous* in *all her attempts* at the *pathetic*."—Universal Magazine.

"We have found in these tales a much greater *predominance* than in any other of the author's works, of that flatness and *insipidity* into which her peculiar vein of fictitious narrative is apt to lead."—Quarterly Review.

3. Eccentric Tales in Verse; by Cornelius Crambo, Esq. Price 5s.

"That these tales have an *easy vein* of *humour*, and *natural versification*, it would do our taste no credit to deny. The concluding tale is *perfectly unexceptionable*, and the same may be said of *one or two more*."—British Critic.

"Cornelius Crambo, esquire, writes *merry poems well*: his



*versification is fluent, and his descriptions picturesque. As a humorous poet he has considerable merit.*"—Annual Review.

"These tales discover *considerable felicity of invention, and graceful versification*, enlivened with a fund of *genuine humour*. The tale of the Friars, &c. will be read with *eagerness*, as will *the whole* of the pieces in this *facetious and amusing* little volume."—Antijacobin Review.

"Five shillings in boards !!! We murmured this over in our minds two or three times, and then betook ourselves to solve the following problem in arithmetic: If a small volume of *foolish verse* be worth five shillings, what would a volume of good prose be worth? We tried it by the rule of three; but we were so perplexed for want of some common measure of value between sense and *nonsense*, that, to use the school-boy's phrase, we could not bring out the answer."—Critical Review.

"The celebrated but shameless Crazy Tales have given birth to a *wayward misbegotten* elf, who now rises to *offend* our senses of sight and hearing, under the name Cornelius Crambo, esquire. This assumed appellation is his *only pretence*, and derivative *obscurity* his *only passport*, to the honours of *wit and humour*. In the present instance, however, his passport shall not avail him: and although we readily declare that, where he is *not* indecent, he is both a *mere plagiarist*, and *insupportably stupid* besides; we shall as readily add that he is *still insupportably stupid*, and still a *plagiarist*, where he is indecent."—Monthly Review.

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4. An Account of the Empire of Morocco, and the District of Suse; by James Grey Jackson, Esq.

"The present volume consists of thirteen chapters, *judiciously arranged* and divided. The work is likewise accompanied by thirteen *engravings*; of which the two maps are entitled to particular *commendation*."—British Critic.

"Our opinion is, that the reader who expects in this book *considerable novelty* of local information, will be *gratified*; but that he who carries expectation farther, and looks for *skilful arrangement* and enlightened conclusions, will be *disappointed*."

*The maps and views are very neatly executed.*"—Monthly Review.

"The volume under inspection is *not* distinguished by *much novelty*."—Literary Panorama.

"In this work of Mr. Jackson there is *much novel* and interesting *matter*. The author does *not* appear to have been of a *book-making* disposition."—Critical Review.

"The prevailing faults among authors of the present time, are certainly those of *making cumbrous*, costly, desultory, commonplace, collectaneous, useless *books*: we therefore deem it due to Mr. Jackson, who is *perfectly blameless* on *all* those points," &c. "to mention the *originality* of a *large portion* of the matter," &c.—"The *plates* would be more valuable, if the author could have answered emphatically for the accuracy of his drawings: they are nevertheless a *very proper* and *agreeable* appendage to the volume; the subjects are interesting, and the style of *execution*, though not very chaste, is *spirited* and *striking*."—Eclectic Review.

"Before taking leave of Mr. Jackson, we must remark, that his book, though written without any affectation of authorship, is certainly *too bulky*, and too much ornamented, in proportion to the quantity of its materials. It is *eked out* with some useless chapters, with broad margins, and wide spaces, and with *exceeding bad days* of aquatinta; until that which should have been a small octavo, has assumed the imposing shape of a quarto with plates."—Edinburgh Review.

5. Fables in Verse; by the Reverend Henry Rowe, LL. B.

"These fables will be found *entertaining* in the perusal, and each has an unexceptionable moral."—British Critic.

"These fables are rendered, as all fables should be, the vehicle of religious principle and of moral instruction; at the same time they are sufficiently simple and *amusing* to *interest* those young readers for whose perusal they are more immediately designed. They are embellished with a considerable number of *wood-cuts*, *neatly executed*."—Antijacobin Review.

"If this volume were not written by a clergyman, and dedicated to a peer, we should pronounce it to consist of the *vilest dog-grel*, adorned with the *vilest cuts*."—Eclectic Review.









in dismay, or the Electors revenge.